

MAY 1928

35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

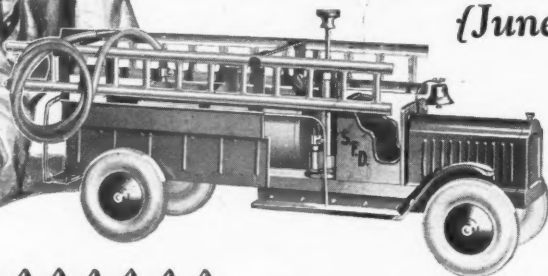


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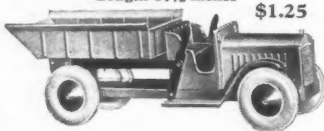
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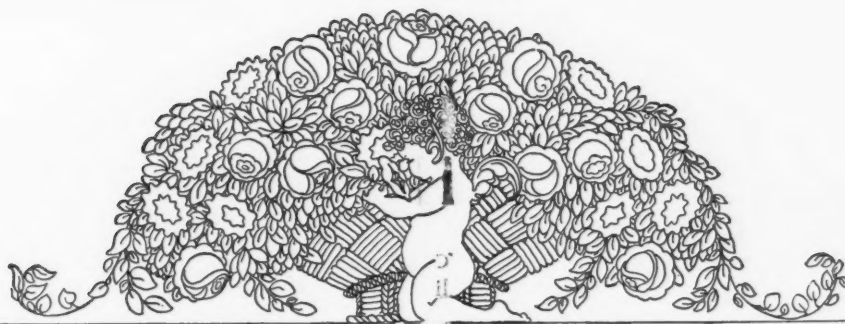
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Volume VII
Number V

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

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MADE IN U. S. A.



What the Gnome told Tommy

TOMMY met the Gnome rather suddenly. You see, he was out in the fields taking a walk, and as he turned into a little path, he suddenly bumped into Mr. Gnome.

"Good morning", said Tommy very politely "What a fine-looking fellow you *are*—much stronger than any of the other Gnomes I've seen". "Indeed, indeed", replied the Gnome, grinning all over, "well, what would you expect?"

"What do you mean?" questioned Tommy.

Before answering the Gnome bent a tree to the ground, to show Tommy what a strong fellow he really was. "I mean", he said cheerfully—"I mean that I *ought* to be strong". Tommy was puzzled. "Why?" he said. "Because", replied the Gnome with a bright smile, "I eat the kind of foods that make me strong."

"I didn't know that what you ate had anything to do with it", said Tommy. "Well, it does", declared the Gnome, in a very positive voice—"a lot to do with it. You listen to me, Tommy. And I'll tell you a secret. You eat the right kind of foods and they will help you to be strong, and healthy, too."

"But what are the right foods?" asked Tommy. "Well", said the Gnome, "Grape-Nuts is one, for instance. It will do you lots of good."

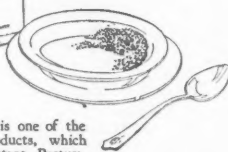
Mr. Gnome was right! Grape-Nuts

is a fine food, one of the kind that helps keep you healthy and strong. And it is very, very good to eat.

You just ask your Mother to get you some Grape-Nuts. You'll certainly like Grape-Nuts, all right! And it will do you lots and lots of good!

MOTHERS: Grape-Nuts is a food of high importance in the daily diet. Made from wheat and malted barley, it contributes to your children's bodies—iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, a single serving of Grape-Nuts supplies more *varied* nourishment than many a hearty meal.

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G—C. L.—5-28

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A MAY MANTLE

I WOULD like to dress in a gown as gay
As Spring puts on in the month of May

And let it trail on the tender grass
That tickles my toes as I proudly pass

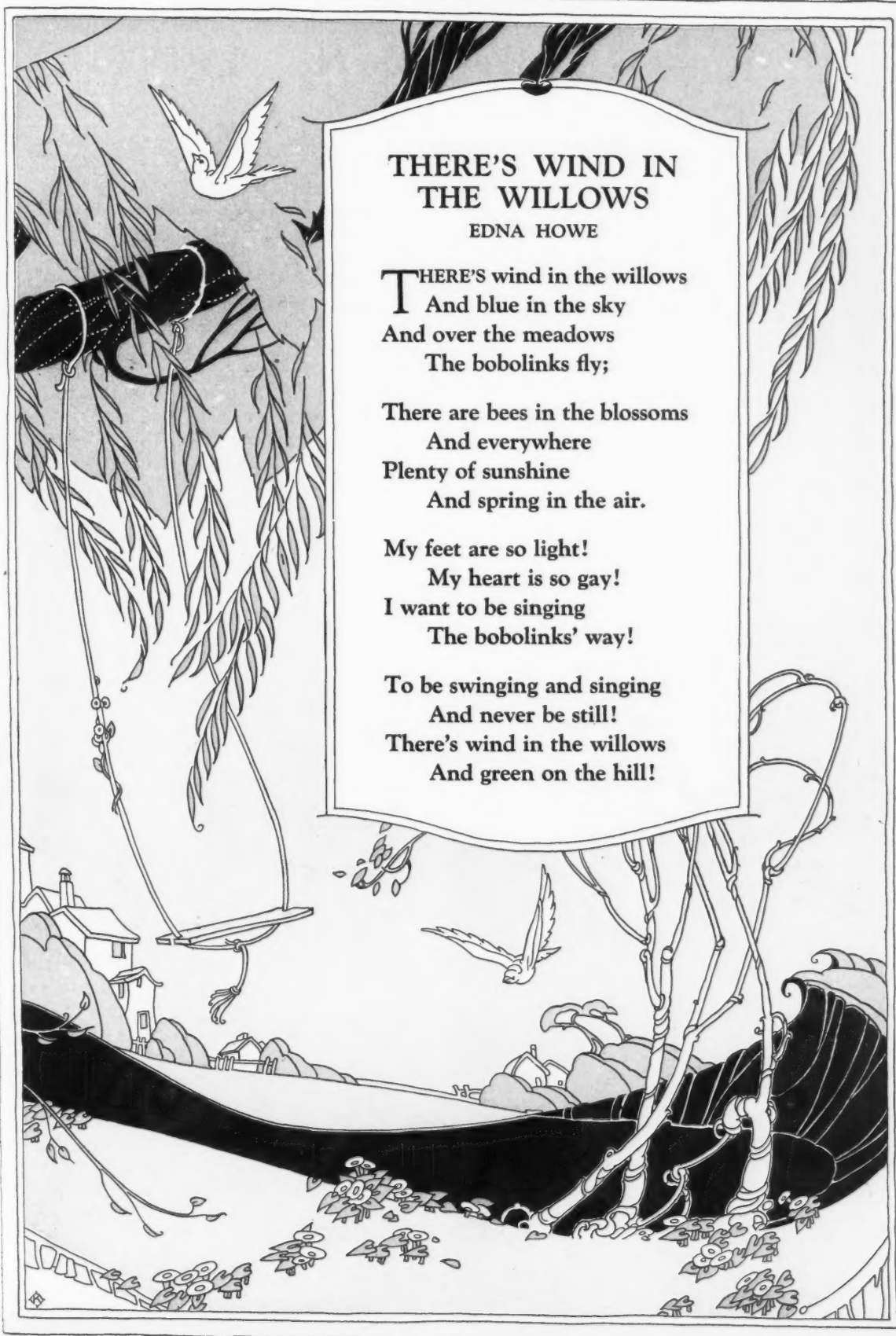
Under the trees through rows of flowers;
And every day I should wear it for hours.

If I get such a gown, Daddy says I may,
My mother shall wear it on Mother's Day!

Frederic Waldo
Editor





A black and white illustration of a landscape. In the foreground, a river flows from the left towards the right. On the left bank, there is a small house with a chimney. A willow tree with long, drooping branches is on the left, and another is on the right. A bird is flying in the sky above the river. The background shows a hill with some trees and a fence. The entire scene is framed by a simple border.

THERE'S WIND IN THE WILLOWS

EDNA HOWE

THERE'S wind in the willows
And blue in the sky
And over the meadows
The bobolinks fly;

There are bees in the blossoms
And everywhere
Plenty of sunshine
And spring in the air.

My feet are so light!
My heart is so gay!
I want to be singing
The bobolinks' way!

To be swinging and singing
And never be still!
There's wind in the willows
And green on the hill!

MUSIC—THE MIRROR OF MAYTIME

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES, LL. B.

Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecture-Recitalist, Teacher of Piano and
Lecturer at American Conservatory, Chicago, Ex-President
of the Society of American Musicians

Sweet May hath come to love us,
Flowers, trees, their blossoms don;
And through the blue heavens above us
The very clouds move on.

HEINE.

MUSIC and May both begin with
M. It's a capital letter to
begin with, for it stands for
many, more, much, most, medicine and merry.

Many joys!

More freedom!

Much fun!

Most music!

Medicine made of equal parts of bird-songs,
beauty and baseball!

Merry, because you and everything else are
alive and growing in this merry month of May.

The Greeks say that their beautiful small
harp—they called it a lyre—was first dis-
covered (or shall we say *invented*?) one May
morning by the infant Mercury, who
was by all means the cleverest baby
you ever heard of.

Mercury's royal father was
Jupiter, the greatest of the
gods, and for whom the larg-
est planet in our heavens is
named. His mother was a
beautiful goddess by the
name of Maia, and many
believe that our month
of May is named for this
"goddess of growth."

This is the way the
magic month of May
affected Baby Mercury.

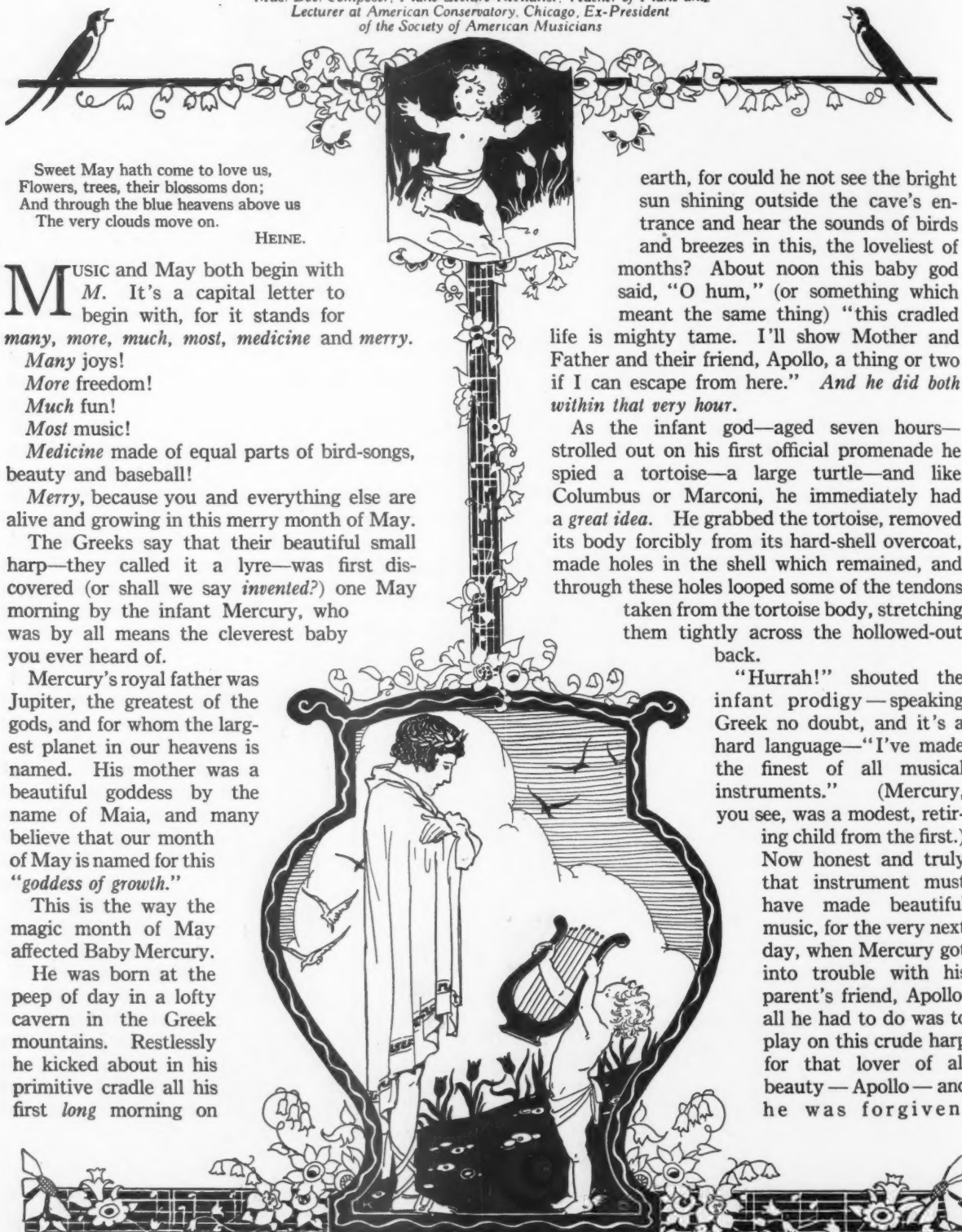
He was born at the
peep of day in a lofty
cavern in the Greek
mountains. Restlessly
he kicked about in his
primitive cradle all his
first long morning on

earth, for could he not see the bright
sun shining outside the cave's en-
trance and hear the sounds of birds
and breezes in this, the loveliest of
months? About noon this baby god
said, "O hum," (or something which
meant the same thing) "this cradled

life is mighty tame. I'll show Mother and
Father and their friend, Apollo, a thing or two
if I can escape from here." *And he did both
within that very hour.*

As the infant god—aged seven hours—
strolled out on his first official promenade he
spied a tortoise—a large turtle—and like
Columbus or Marconi, he immediately had
a *great idea*. He grabbed the tortoise, removed
its body forcibly from its hard-shell overcoat,
made holes in the shell which remained, and
through these holes looped some of the tendons
taken from the tortoise body, stretching
them tightly across the hollowed-out
back.

"Hurrah!" shouted the
infant prodigy—speaking
Greek no doubt, and it's a
hard language—"I've made
the finest of all musical
instruments." (Mercury,
you see, was a modest, retir-
ing child from the first.)
Now honest and truly
that instrument must
have made beautiful
music, for the very next
day, when Mercury got
into trouble with his
parent's friend, Apollo,
all he had to do was to
play on this crude harp
for that lover of all
beauty—Apollo—and
he was forgiven.



Except, and *its a big except*, Mercury had to give up his new-made lyre to Apollo, who ever after played it and carried it about with him (as you can see by the many statues and pictures of Apollo). Of course, you know that these gods and goddesses were not *really-truly* men and women. They represented to the old Greeks the spirit and power of many things which they couldn't understand or control. In this legend Mercury was the *spirit of the summer breeze* which plays on the strings of your heart, making you both merry and musical.

The flowers and moonlight hours of May-time, its serenade of birds and melodious breezes have inspired so many poets, painters and composers that one hardly knows where to begin or end this story, for the spirit of the "*Moon of Growth and Beauty*"—as May is called by some Indian tribes—has always found a welcome in the hearts of old and young, because it comes from the *Great Spirit*, the Maker of all beauty.

How the great Ludwig van Beethoven loved May! His Sixth Symphony is a mirror of many of its moods. And what is Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" but a musical looking-glass held by a lover of field and flowers at just the right angle so that children and grown-ups can both see and hear the spirit of May?

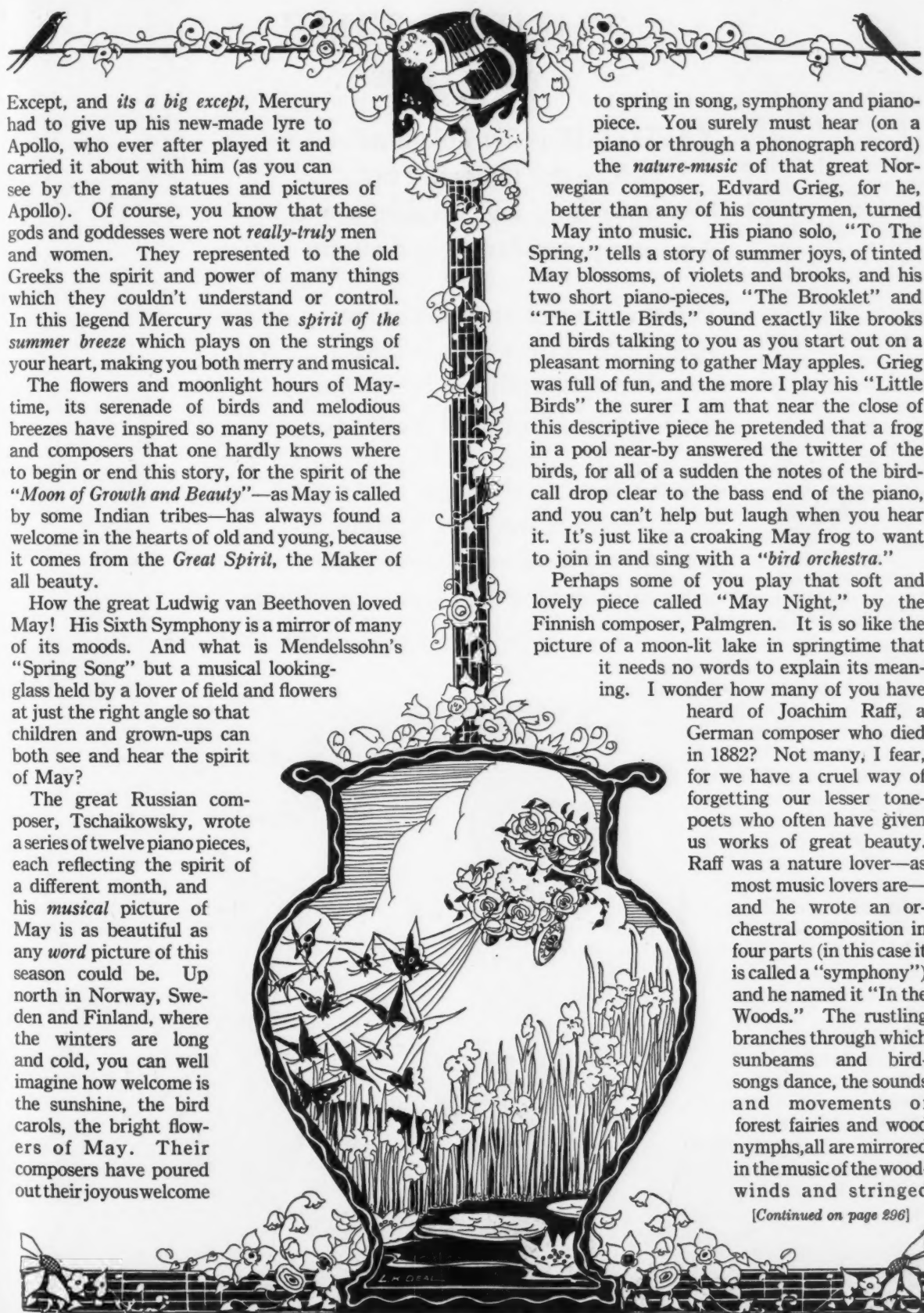
The great Russian composer, Tschaikowsky, wrote a series of twelve piano pieces, each reflecting the spirit of a different month, and his *musical* picture of May is as beautiful as any *word* picture of this season could be. Up north in Norway, Sweden and Finland, where the winters are long and cold, you can well imagine how welcome is the sunshine, the bird carols, the bright flowers of May. Their composers have poured out their joyous welcome

to spring in song, symphony and piano-piece. You surely must hear (on a piano or through a phonograph record) the *nature-music* of that great Norwegian composer, Edvard Grieg, for he, better than any of his countrymen, turned May into music. His piano solo, "To The Spring," tells a story of summer joys, of tinted May blossoms, of violets and brooks, and his two short piano-pieces, "The Brooklet" and "The Little Birds," sound exactly like brooks and birds talking to you as you start out on a pleasant morning to gather May apples. Grieg was full of fun, and the more I play his "Little Birds" the surer I am that near the close of this descriptive piece he pretended that a frog in a pool near-by answered the twitter of the birds, for all of a sudden the notes of the bird-call drop clear to the bass end of the piano, and you can't help but laugh when you hear it. It's just like a croaking May frog to want to join in and sing with a "*bird orchestra*."

Perhaps some of you play that soft and lovely piece called "May Night," by the Finnish composer, Palmgren. It is so like the picture of a moon-lit lake in springtime that it needs no words to explain its meaning. I wonder how many of you have

heard of Joachim Raff, a German composer who died in 1882? Not many, I fear, for we have a cruel way of forgetting our lesser tone-poets who often have given us works of great beauty. Raff was a nature lover—as most music lovers are—and he wrote an orchestral composition in four parts (in this case it is called a "symphony") and he named it "In the Woods." The rustling branches through which sunbeams and bird-songs dance, the sounds and movements of forest fairies and wood nymphs, all are mirrored in the music of the woodwinds and stringed

[Continued on page 296]



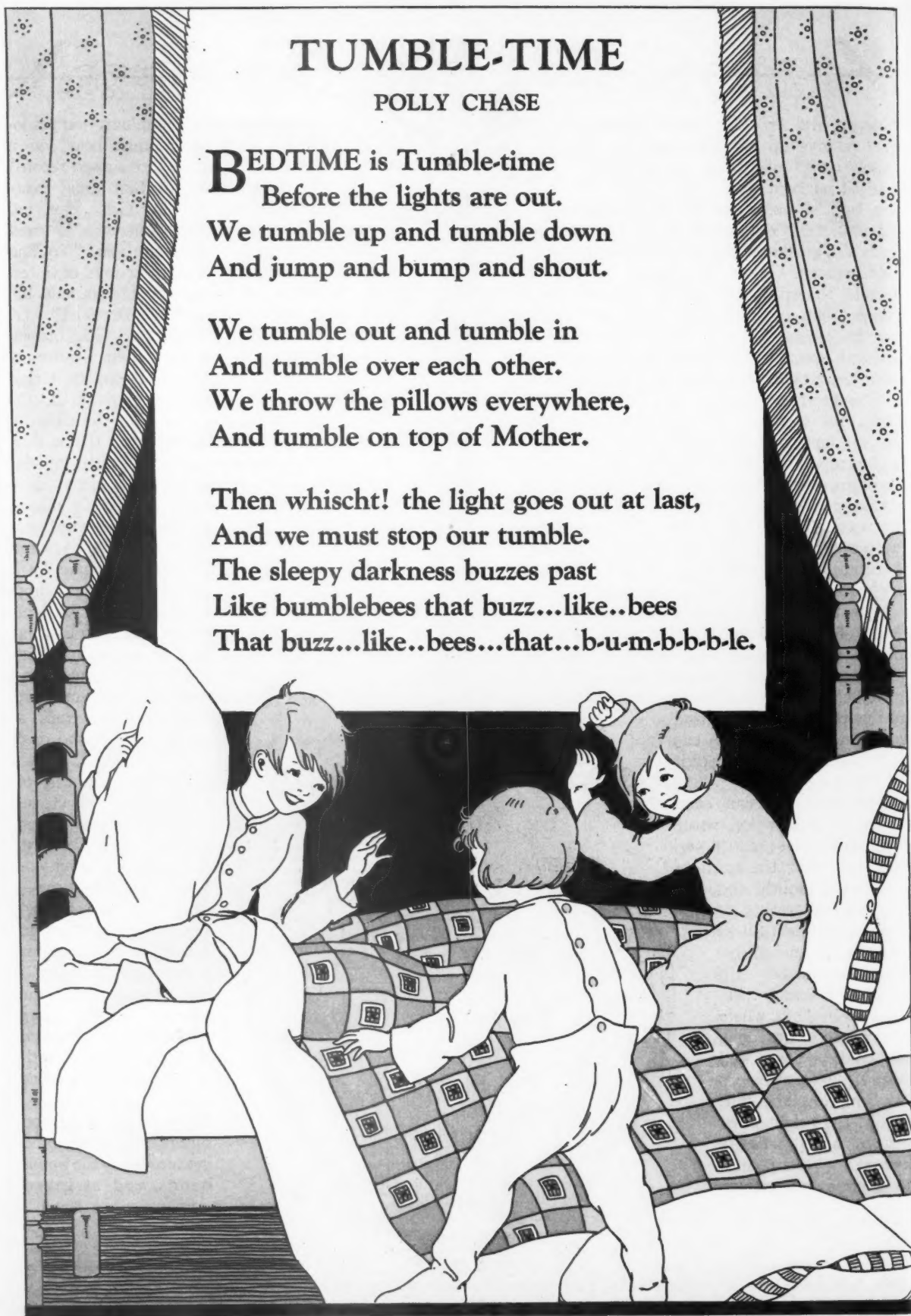
TUMBLE-TIME

POLLY CHASE

BEDTIME is Tumble-time
Before the lights are out.
We tumble up and tumble down
And jump and bump and shout.

We tumble out and tumble in
And tumble over each other.
We throw the pillows everywhere,
And tumble on top of Mother.

Then whisht! the light goes out at last,
And we must stop our tumble.
The sleepy darkness buzzes past
Like bumblebees that buzz...like..bees
That buzz...like..bees...that...b-u-m-b-b-b-le.



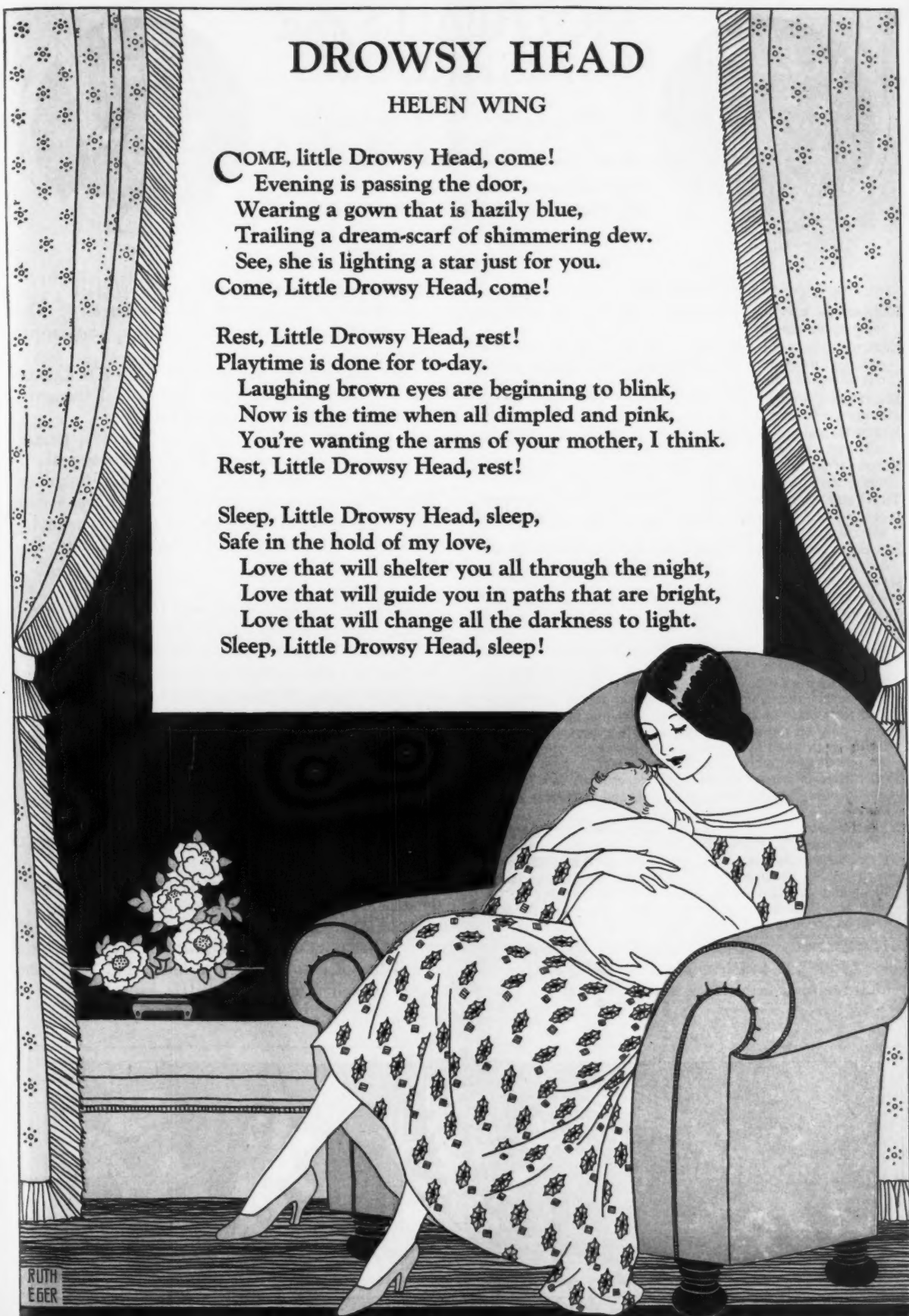
DROWSY HEAD

HELEN WING

COME, little Drowsy Head, come!
Evening is passing the door,
Wearing a gown that is hazily blue,
Trailing a dream-scarf of shimmering dew.
See, she is lighting a star just for you.
Come, Little Drowsy Head, come!

Rest, Little Drowsy Head, rest!
Playtime is done for to-day.
Laughing brown eyes are beginning to blink,
Now is the time when all dimpled and pink,
You're wanting the arms of your mother, I think.
Rest, Little Drowsy Head, rest!

Sleep, Little Drowsy Head, sleep,
Safe in the hold of my love,
Love that will shelter you all through the night,
Love that will guide you in paths that are bright,
Love that will change all the darkness to light.
Sleep, Little Drowsy Head, sleep!





MOTHBALLS and MUSHROOMS

By GRACE DORCAS RUTHENBURG



CHARACTERS

KOCKACHOO, who tickles folks' noses with a goose feather to make them sneeze.

PERKALIP, who has the terrible job of holding up the corners of children's mouths to make them smile. She has to get a little rest sometimes, and—la me!—what a sad day that is on earth!

POKATHUMB, whose first name is Gently. She dents all the dimples in babies' cheeks.

HEPZIBAH, maid-of-all-work to the Fairy Queen. She calls the roll when the Lord High Chamberlain is gone fishing.

RUMPELSTILZKIN, who makes soap bubbles for a living, and mixes magic drinks out of apple seeds and lady fingers.

THE FAIRY QUEEN, whose real name is Straightnosegoldeneye-beautifulteethlovelyhair, but whose subjects refer to her affectionately as Woggles.

SUE SALLY MARIE, who hankered to be a fairy and sit on a honeysuckle leaf.

SIT-ON-A-MUSHROOM, **FRECKLEMAKER**, **THE FAIRY CAT**, **EAR-WASHER**, **WINGCARRIERS**, and the **ODDS and ENDS**, who call themselves that because it is too much trouble to remember each others' names.

TIME: Dear me! It's never any o'clock in Fairyland. Let's see. It's—oh, of course, it's springtime.

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP: Fairyland at house-cleaning time. Grapeleaf tables and cockleshell footstools—or any other small fairy-like pieces of furniture—piled on top of each other in quite a mess, just as they are on earth when it is time to clear out the closets and put the furs away in moth balls. In fact, there is quite a mothball smell about. Perkaliip and Pokathumb are trotting around busily shaking out rabbit skins and unpacking Spring Paint.

Before the curtain goes up you can hear Kockachoo sneezing, "Kockachooo!" "Kockachoooooo!" Kockachoooooo!" When the curtain goes up you see him doubled in a heap right in the middle of the stage. Perkaliip and Pokathumb bustle about and pay him no attention at all, and neither do the Odds and Ends who are hor-ri-bly busy polishing the door knob on the gate to Fairyland.

KOCKACHOO: Kockachoooooo!"
Ow! Moth balls! [He wipes a streaming eye.]

ODD (skirmishing with a broom): What's

the matter? [He skirmishes unfeelingly.]

KOCKACHOO (feeling for his handkerchief): Ow. [A puff of dust swarms down on him. Squealing.] Oww!

ODD (wagging his duster lightly while KOCKACHOO tries to dance out of the way): Mouse? I thought I heard one. Where's the Fairy Cat?

KOCKACHOO (still dancing): It's not a mouse. It's moth— [He sneezes.] Kocka-chooooooo!

ODD: I have the very thing for you. Pink ones. You take them every three hours. Always cure me— [He offers KOCKACHOO his box of lozenges.]

KOCKACHOO (backing off): I don't want any. It's house— [He sneezes.]

ODD (putting his box away with a ruffled air): Oh, of course, if you want to sneeze! [He goes back to his broom and brings hosts of dust swarming down.]

KOCKACHOO (feeling for his handkerchief. He has tried the left and right-hand pockets, also the hole in the lining of his coat where he has been known to stick it, also up his sleeve and down his neck.): Kock—

SUE SALLY MARIE (sticking her head out from under a grape leaf chair which is upside down, of course): I beg your pardon!

KOCKACHOO (still hunting): You're quite excusable. What for?

SUE SALLY MARIE: For coming in. I couldn't find anything to knock on.

KOCKACHOO: There never is anything to knock on in Fairyland. K—kock-kocka-choooo!

SUE SALLY MARIE (crawling out): You poor thing!

KOCKACHOO (with dignity): Pardon me, but I'm not a thing. I'm a fairy, and I've been smelling moth balls. [He hunts.]





SUE SALLY MARIE
(handing him her
handkerchief): Are
there moths balls
even in Fairyland?
KOCKACHOO: Are
there? Smell 'em.

It's housecleaning.

SUE SALLY MARIE: Housecl—but that's why I
ran away.

KOCKACHOO (amazed): Ran—

ODD [so amazed that he drops his feather duster]:
Ran—

SUE SALLY MARIE: I hate housecleaning. It's
mixed up and full of suds. I crawled under a rug
they'd laid out to air and came away to Fairyland.

KOCKACHOO (interested): How'd you manage?

SUE SALLY MARIE: The under side of any rug
laid out in the yard to air is Fairyland. Only I
thought you'd be sitting on honeysuckle leaves eat-
ing pleasant pink pineapple custard.

ODD (witheringly, considering his sweet nature):
Oh, did you!

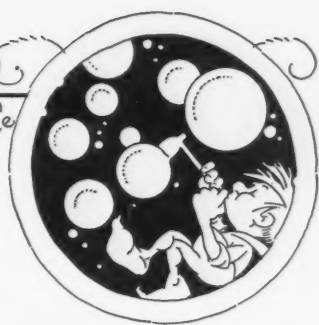
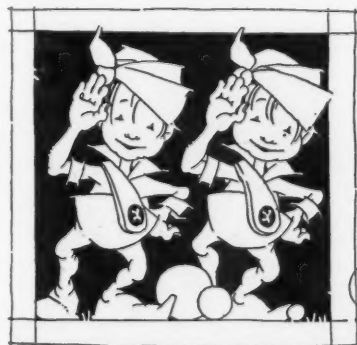
SUE SALLY MARIE: I tried to sit on a honey-
suckle leaf once, but I fell right through. I do so
want to be a fairy!

FRECKLEMAKER (entering, chest up): The Queen—
the Queen! [He is the HERALD when not engaged in
making freckles.] Make way for the Fairy Queen!
Her Majesty Straightnosegoldeneyebeautifulteeth-
lovelyhair will hold her morning court! Make way
—make way for the Queen! [He crosses and goes out,
still announcing.]

SUE SALLY MARIE: What did he say her name
was? [Fairies gather.]

PERKALIP (making way): Shhhh! We call her
Woggles.

[The FAIRY QUEEN enters, followed by the WINGCARRIERS, who
remove her wings from their special trunks and attach them to her
shoulders as soon as she is seated. The other FAIRIES,
assembled, range themselves about for daily court. As
the name of each is called, he steps forward and curtsies,
according to his nature.]



WOGGLES: Let
us have the roll.

FRECKLEMAK-
ER: The roll! The
roll! Let us have
the roll!

WOGGLES: Where
is the Lord High Chamberlain?

[There are echoes off stage as FRECKLEMAKER goes out calling,
"Where is the Lord High Chamberlain? Where is the Lord High
Chamberlain to call the roll?" He returns without him.]

POKATHUMB (stepping forward and bowing): If it
please Your Majesty, the minnows are biting well.
I think the Lord High Chamberlain has gone fishing.

QUEEN: Let him be fined seven sunflower seeds
and a pocketful of plums. Hepzibah, you will have
to do it.

FRECKLEMAKER (as HEPZIBAH, a round fairy with
tortoise shell rims to her spectacles, opens the ledger):
Stand by! Stand by! Hepzibah, maid-of-all-work
to the Queen, will call the roll!

HEPZIBAH (putting on her spectacles): Perkalip!

PERKALIP: Yes, Queen Mother.

QUEEN: Is everybody on earth smiling perkily
this morning?

PERKALIP: All, Queen Mother, (hesitatingly)
excepting one.

QUEEN: Try to remedy that by nightfall.

PERKALIP: Yes, Your Majesty.

HEPZIBAH: Gently Pokathumb?

QUEEN: Are all the babies' dimples made?

GENTLY: Two apiece, as you ordered, and some
in the chin besides, O Queen, though I still have
a few elbows to attend to.

HEPZIBAH: Frecklemaker.

FRECKLEMAKER: I have becomingly freckled
fourteen noses this morning beside my housecleaning
chores.

HEPZIBAH: Earwasher.

EARWASHER: The ears of the man in the
moon are pinkish clean, and I have also
washed his bald spot.





HEPZIBAH: Odds and Ends! [They curtsy as one man.]

QUEEN: Have you put away the rabbit skins and polished the knob on the gate to Fairyland?

ODDS AND ENDS: We have, Queen dear.

QUEEN: And weighed the scales of the wiggly snake?

ODDS AND ENDS: We have.

QUEEN: Did you take down the sun and dust behind it?

ODDS AND ENDS: We did.

QUEEN: And shake the rugs in the moss parlor [They bow], and shine the stars [They bow], and put moth balls in the winter mouse furs?

KOCKACHOO (sneezing): They did! Kockachoooo! They did, indeed!

QUEEN: Has anyone been overlooked in the roll call? If so, please raise your hand. [SUE SALLY MARIE raises hers.] And who are you, my child?

SUE SALLY MARIE: An it please the court, my name is Sue Sally Marie, and I've always wanted to be a fairy.

QUEEN: But, my dear, that is rather difficult.

SUE SALLY MARIE: I know it.

QUEEN: You will first have to submit to eating a pasty made of the petals of four thousand buttercups.

SUE SALLY MARIE: Yes, Your Majesty.

QUEEN: Next, you will have to have your eyes repainted so that you can fly over the sun without blinking.

SUE SALLY MARIE: Yes, O Queen.

QUEEN: Then you will have to wear a shrinking cap until you can crawl through a melon blossom without needing to wriggle.

SUE SALLY MARIE: I'll put it on now.

QUEEN: Then, providing you will promise always to go back to earth promptly when your mother calls you, I see no reason why you should not be a fairy.

SUE SALLY

MARIE (curtysing): Thank you, O Queen. When shall I eat the buttercups?

QUEEN: Hepzibah! Where is she? Have lackeys bring forth the Golden Pasty, the Sun Blink Paint Box, and the Shrinking Cap for the Melon Blossom Test.

HEPZIBAH (efficient soul that she is, comes running in with a pencil behind her ear, somewhat short of breath): I've just been out ordering them, O Queen.

[The lackeys enter, the first carrying the Golden Pasty, the second the Sun Blink Paint Box with palette and brushes, and the third balancing the Shrinking Cap and the pumpkin flower for the Melon Blossom Test. The first offers the pasty while the second sets to work with a large brush and the third fits the cap from behind. The Fairy Drums begin to roll.]

SUE SALLY MARIE: What's that?

LACKEY (fitting the cap): The Fairy Drums. They always roll like that when a fairy's being made.

PERKALIP (stepping forward, looking really sad): O Queen—

QUEEN: Yes, Perkalip?

PERKALIP: I regret to say, O Queen, that this ceremony cannot take place. [The FAIRIES stop and stare at her in consternation.] I regret to say, O Queen, that there is a by-law which states that anybody that has lost his smile cannot enter into the bonds of good fairyrship.

HEPZIBAH (looking up the by-law in the ledger): That is so, O Queen.

PERKALIP: I regret to say, O Queen, that the person I spoke of this morning who was unprovided with a smile is Sue Sally Marie.

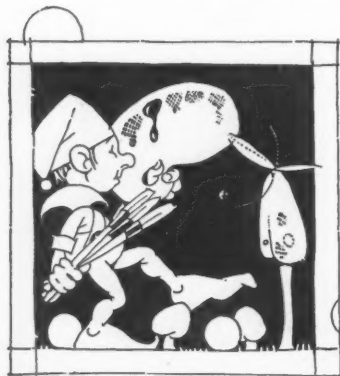
QUEEN: No. Really? [She looks sorrowful and rather shocked.]

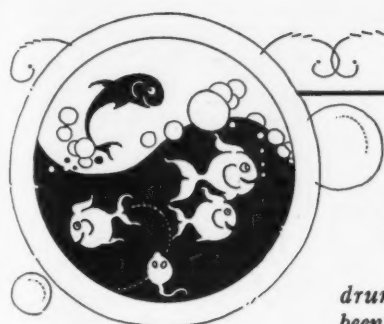
PERKALIP: I regret to say that before leaving home this morning she willfully and deliberately threw her smile away.

QUEEN: Sue Sally Marie, is this true?

SUE SALLY MARIE: They were house-cleaning!

QUEEN: Then





I am afraid there is nothing for it. Give orders for them to stop the drums. [The drums, which have been rumbling merrily, suddenly stop.]

KOCKACHOO (coming forward and bowing his best bow): Your Daintiness!

QUEEN: Yes, Kockachoo?

KOCKACHOO: If Your Daintiness will recall, last year when my own smile was badly cracked in the course of the moth ball season—

GENTLY: So it was!

KOCKACHOO: I mended it myself with a little early dew and a rosebud stamen. If something of the sort—

PERKALIP (shaking her head): That's all right, but she has to find it first.

ODDS (to SUE SALLY MARIE): Where is it? Where were you when you lost it?

SUE SALLY MARIE: Locked in the front bedroom.

QUEEN: Think! Have none of you seen it?

PERKALIP: There is one person who *might* know—

SUE SALLY MARIE: Who, Perkalip?

PERKALIP: But she lives seven hills and two houses away.

ODDS AND ENDS: We know! We know! Rumpelstilzkin! If we were to call—

HEPZIBAH: As you well know, she hasn't answered roll call for nine hundred and forty-two years, during which time she has paid a fine of nine plums every morning.

SUE SALLY MARIE: Who is she?

KOCKACHOO: She's a middle-aged sort that makes a living selling soap bubbles and apple blossom tarts. She'd know.

SUE SALLY MARIE: Can't you call?

[The FAIRIES face the southwest and standing with their shoulders together they call softly, then a little louder, then louder still until their voices sound like a great wind.]

FAIRIES: Rumpelstilzkin! Rumpelstilzkin! RUMPELSTILZKIN!

[They wait. Nothing happens. SUE SALLY MARIE cries softly. Suddenly from the direction nobody is looking, RUMPELSTILZKIN appears as casually

as if she came to roll call every morning, carrying her inevitable soap bubbles like a bery of red and blue and yellow balloons. She bows in an offhand way to the QUEEN.]

RUMPELSTILZKIN: Your Majesty!

HEPZIBAH: Rumpelstilzkin!

RUMPELSTILZKIN (smoothing up her hair): Well, you needn't act as if I never answered the roll.

QUEEN: I understand you have paid a fine every morning for nine hundred and forty-two years.

RUMPELSTILZKIN (abashed): As a matter of fact, Your Majesty, I'm getting a little low on plums.

Queen (to HEPZIBAH): Complete the roll.

HEPZIBAH (opening the ledger): Rumpelstilzkin!

RUMPELSTILZKIN: Here!

QUEEN: Rumpelstilzkin, Sue Sally Marie here has lost a smile which prevents her from becoming a fairy when she chooses.

RUMPELSTILZKIN: Ah! Mm.

QUEEN: The court is willing to make an agreement with you. If you can restore this smile, the court is willing to return to you seven hundred handfuls of your plums.

[RUMPEL bows, hands her soap bubbles to an ODD to hold, and beckons to an END.]

RUMPELSTILZKIN: Fetch me my thinking cape. It's in my satchel. [The END runs out. To SUE SALLY MARIE.] Where were you when you lost it?

SUE SALLY MARIE: I don't exactly know.

[The END returns with the Thinking Cape, a square of red which RUMPELSTILZKIN wraps around her, shutting one eye.]

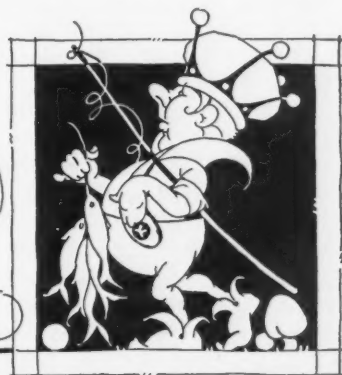
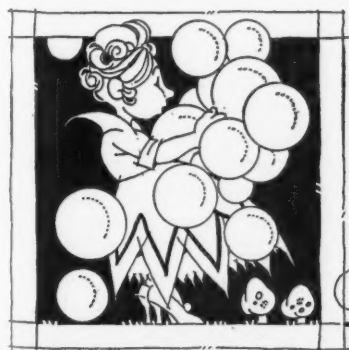
RUMPELSTILZKIN: Now I see you. You are—let me see—locked? [SUE SALLY MARIE nods, shamefaced.] Locked in a bedroom. It is something which concerns a dresser drawer.

SUE SALLY MARIE (defensively): It was already pretty straight.

RUMPELSTILZKIN: Mm—the smile might be in the drawer. Between a doll wig and three soiled handkerchiefs.

Am I right?—
(Sue Sally Marie nods again.)

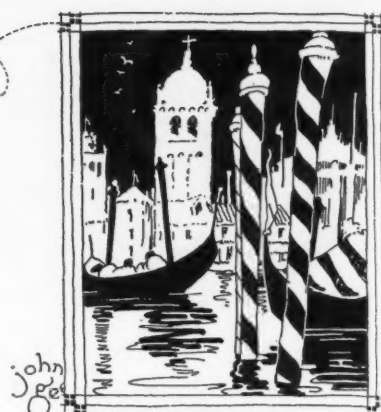
[Continued on page 294]





TITIAN VECELLI'S FIRST PICTURE

By
MARY NEWLIN ROBERTS



THERE were two things little Titian Vecelli wanted very much. The first and the one he wanted the most was to put down somewhere, somehow, with his own hand, the beautiful forms and colors that were always in his mind. There was a soft, dim, old fresco in the little village chapel and it was a favorite dream of Titian's to imagine other frescoes on other bare walls, and when he looked out from the hilltop in northern Italy where he lived, and saw the trees and rocks and the small figures of people far below, and the changing lights and shadows, it seemed that his heart would burst if he could not somehow put all this into some bright, beautiful painting.

The other thing he wanted, and which seemed somehow part of the first, was to see Venice—Venice so beautiful, down by the sea, with its domes and towers and streets of water, with its richly-decked nobles and ladies and its gliding gondolas and carved palaces. He would stand on the wild, rough hillside and, shading his eyes with his brown fingers, he would look toward the sea until he fancied he could almost see the gilded domes and hear the deep bells of Venice.

Sometimes, if you wish hard enough for worthwhile things—wish with all your heart and soul—it helps to bring them about. Little Titian, no matter how busy he was, or how lively about all the everyday things, never ceased to long and hope that the time might come when he should paint a picture and see Venice.

One hot day in spring on his way from school, he clambered up the rocky slope of the hill where he lived and gathered great bunches of wild flowers. This was long, long ago but wild flowers bloomed in Italy then, just as they do now. There were the tall Flowers-of-the-Angels (*Fiori-di-Angeli*) and the lovely little blue harebells; there were flowers like our foxgloves, and purple lilies and a myriad of tiny bright flowers that Italians have a myriad of bright little names for, and I dare say Titian Vecelli knew them all. Some of these small flowers grew close to the ground and were flat and many-colored like a soft bright carpet; others were tall and swaying, and Titian bent and rose, plucking and gathering,

holding them tightly in his small, hot hands. A cicada sang in a tree near-by, which meant summer was coming. A cicada is a kind of grasshopper and locust and cricket and katydid rolled into one, with a dry, hot song that begins soft and gets louder and louder and then dies away, and Titian liked to hear it while he gathered the flowers in the hot sun.

He climbed higher and higher and when he reached the shade of the walls of his home, he threw himself down with a grateful sigh and said, "Phew!" just like any hot boy on a hot day anywhere in the world nowadays. He put the flowers down carefully, in the shade and then he noticed his hands and sat up and stared. His brown fingers and palms were stained with every kind of color—purple and yellow and green and red and blue. Now it would be interesting to any boy to see that the stems of some Italian wild flowers and blossoming weeds hold juices that stain when they are squeezed hard by strong fingers on a hot day, but to little Titian Vecelli it meant far more, for the sight of the colors sent him dreaming at once. The tints on his hands reminded him of the fresco in the chapel and he rose slowly to his feet and glanced about with eager, wistful eyes. Nobody was at home and it was very quiet on the hilltop, and the bit of cottage wall near-by seemed waiting for something.

"Now I must paint a picture for myself," he thought. "The flowers have come to help me," and he stood very still for a few moments, very grave and thoughtful for so young a boy.

Then Titian Vecelli set to work, all by himself in the shadow of the cottage wall, squeezing and staining any way that he could with his fingers and a little stick, painting his first picture so many years ago.

The cicada sang, unheeded, and the beautiful flowers drooped, and the family came home and, because they did not see him busy in the shade of the wall, they wondered where he was.

Very slowly on the dull bare wall, a picture came to life. Figures seemed to spring out by magic under the small deft fingers of the boy. His cheeks grew hot and his eyes brilliant with the joy of

accomplishment. Inside there was bread and cheese and chicken and probably macaroni, but although Titian was a boy, and a very real boy, he forgot to be hungry and forgot everything but the delight of a dream come true.

He was so very busy that he did not see his father come up behind him and stand with hands upraised in amazement, nor did he see another figure climbing up the hill. This was no other than Signor Rostelli, the teacher of the school where Titian went each day, and neither did the busy young artist know that Signor Rostelli had come to talk seriously to Signor Vecelli about nobody else but Titian himself.

At the top of the steep hill the teacher came to a sudden standstill, folded his arms with a wide sweeping up of his black cloak and stared at the picture growing on the wall, at the boy at work, and at the father watching.

"Aha!" he murmured, "this pleaseth me. This is well. This will help to show his father more clearly all that I have come to say." And he nodded his head and stroked his beard with an air of relief and satisfaction. Then he stood as quietly as Signor Vecelli and watched in silent amazement the picture on the wall growing bit by bit. That held as much beauty and soft color as the wild, bright flowers the boy had gathered on the hillside earlier in the afternoon.

At last when the sun had set, and the cicada was taking a twilight nap, little Titian found that he could squeeze no more stains from the juicy, aromatic stems, and so with a sigh he backed away to look with rapture at the transformed wall.

"Had I the true colors of a painter, 'twould have more depth," he breathed. "But even so I am happy." And backing farther still he collided into his father and Signor Rostelli who had drawn nearer and nearer. It was like a rude awakening from some glorious dream to Titian, to find his father and the teacher standing there, and to hear their voices bursting forth at once in exclamations and questionings, and much talk about himself that he

did not want to hear. By degrees the teacher quieted Signor Vecelli and began to talk alone, holding Titian kindly by the arm and pointing from time to time to the work on the wall.

"It is true," he went on, "that he is not at all a student, that he must always be drawing and that this distracts his fellow students. I came to tell you how it is, but you have seen here for yourself, far better than I could tell it, that he is capable of doing great things. Here with nothing but a rude

wall and the pale juices of flowers and weeds, he can do what no other boy can do."

"Aye," interrupted Signor Vecelli with a puzzled frown. "That is all true indeed and all very well, but to be idle at school is not good, and artist or no artist it displeaseth me."

"But his strength lies here," cried the teacher. "It is well and wise to encourage a talent. Idleness will be left behind when the true powers are allowed to grow."

Titian stood listening to them as they discussed him, but because they were so much older and because he was looking at his picture which his heart and mind were still absorbed in, he did not heed the deep voices very much.

"I have painted a picture and now nothing matters at all," he thought, and it seemed to him that the whole world had changed.

Then suddenly he did listen. Signor Rostelli was speaking of Venice.

"It is really your duty, dear Signor Vecelli, to send him to Venice to study painting. There are many artists and studios there and the lad will soon prove to you and to his masters of painting all that he is capable of."

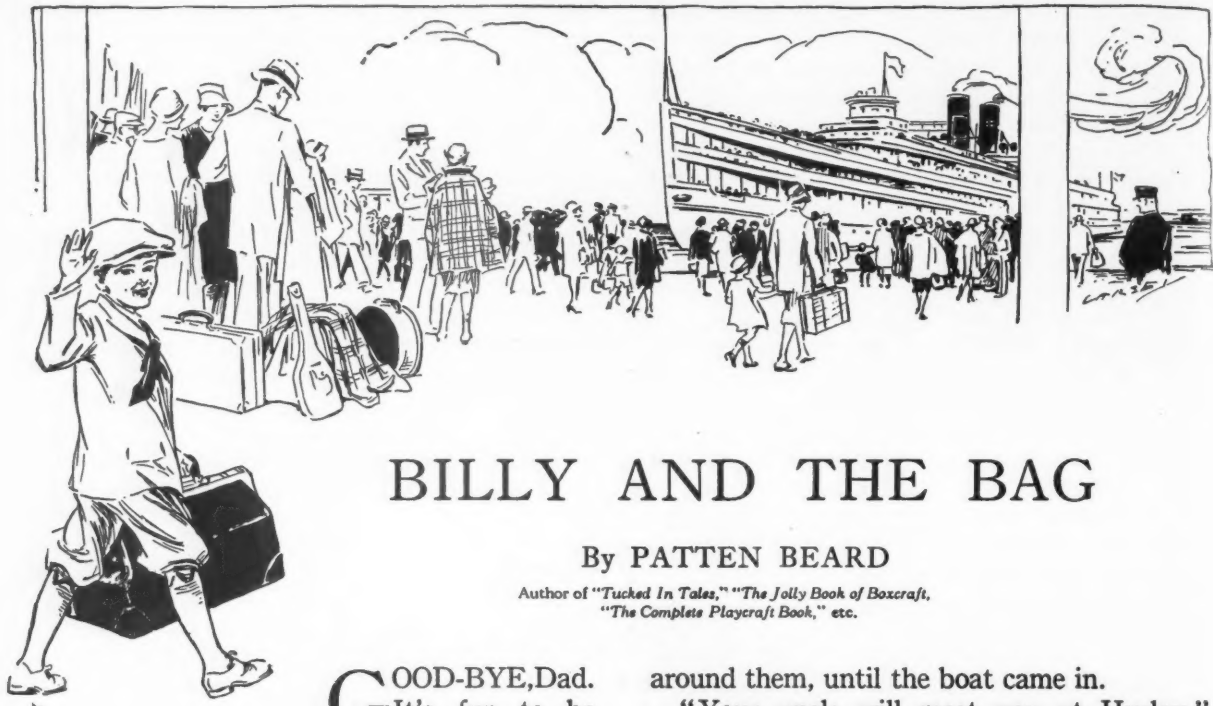
Little Titian became all life and eagerness.

"Father!" he cried, springing closer to him and clasping him by the arm. "Father, I pray and beseech thee, let me go to Venice. I know not why but, there in Venice, I know that I will work and study. I will become a true artist. Only let me go to Venice!"

"Thou art a strange lad," answered his father



SLOWLY A PICTURE CAME TO LIFE



BILLY AND THE BAG

By PATTEN BEARD

Author of "Tucked In Tales," "The Jolly Book of Boxcraft,"
"The Complete Playcraft Book," etc.

GOOD-BYE, Dad. It's fun to be going off on a trip all alone," said Billy as the taxi stopped on the wharf of the West 42nd Street landing for the Hudson boat. "It's an awfully good-looking bag you got me at Bunty's vacation sale yesterday! Too bad it's got that little scratch on it!"

"It may have more later when you're a more experienced traveler," Dad replied. "Check it as soon as you go on board. Follow the crowd. And remember—William Benson Cory! Don't you forget and leave that bag anywhere! When Mother packed it last night, I put some very important papers into it for you to carry up to Uncle. They can't be duplicated and they are worth a great deal. You have the key of the bag and it's locked, so they are safe, but you must hang on tight to the bag and not leave it, except to check it."

Billy nodded gravely. "I will," he promised. "It was good of you, Dad, to let me take this trip all on my own. Say, can you imagine *me* put under the care of the ship's officer the way Mother wanted to do? Me—ten years old, Dad? I guess I know how to take care of myself, even if I never went this way before or saw Uncle's camp!"

They were waiting now for the gangplank to be put in place. The crowd was thick

around them, until the boat came in.

"Your uncle will meet you at Hurley," repeated Father. "I've telegraphed him. If you should get into any mix-up, Billy, go to a man in uniform. You have the written directions—get off at Kingston Point and board the train there for West Hurley."

Billy grinned. "I know," he declared. "I'll telegraph you from Hurley. You and Mother will get it to-night, long before you're through packing to leave for Rangely tomorrow!"

After Dad's good-bye, Billy found himself among tourists, golf-bags, tennis rackets, cameras, lunch packages, umbrellas, folded gocarts, hat boxes, and suitcases and bats of all descriptions. So thick was the crowd around the checking window that Billy could scarcely budge. The man in front of him bent down and parked his bag on the deck. Billy followed suit. It seemed everybody was doing it—it was useless to stand holding the bag.

The man ahead was tall, very tall. He wore a soft hat and a tweed suit. Billy was sure he had seen him somewhere. Yes, it was that villain in the movie he and Dad had been to see last night. Only the man *wasn't* that man—he somehow just *looked* like him! The line moved up. It kept slowly edging toward the window and Billy kept kicking his bag along. At least he thought it was his bag till

that man ahead bent down and took up *his* bag. It looked exactly like Billy's, even to that scratch!

Billy was about to exclaim when he grabbed for the bag at his feet and saw that it was just like the stranger's. They must both have come from Bunty's sale yesterday. But on the one Billy hoisted toward the window, he could not see the familiar scratch.

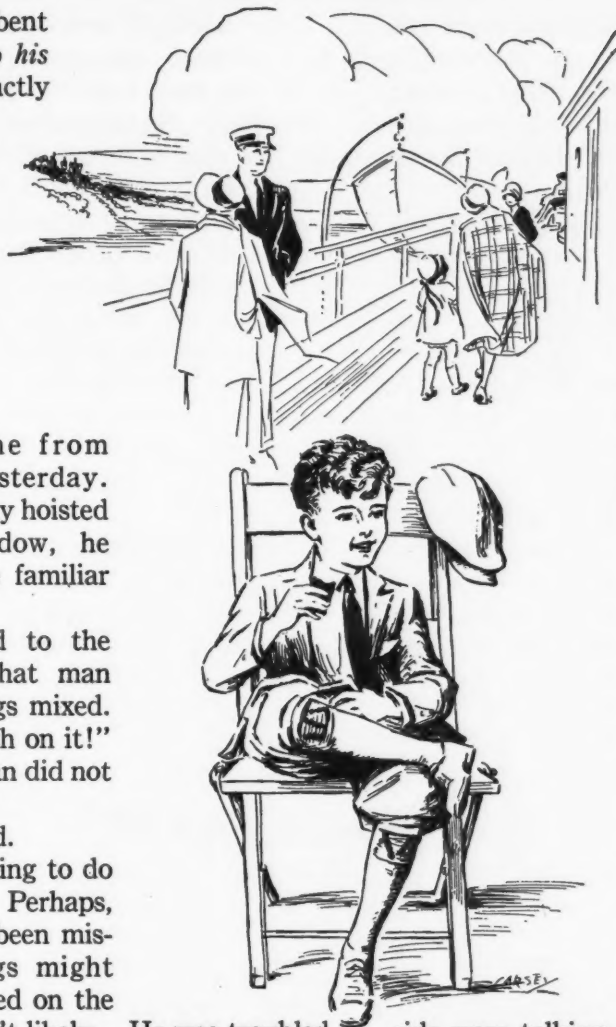
"Say," he said to the clerk. "Guess that man and I got our bags mixed. Mine had a scratch on it!"

The baggage man did not even hear him.

"Next!" he said.

There was nothing to do but move along. Perhaps, after all, he had been mistaken. The bags might have become mixed on the floor—but it wasn't likely. He was troubled, as he watched the landing at 125th Street. He wondered whether he ought to do anything about it. In the meanwhile, he made a tour of the boat that left nothing undiscovered.

From lower deck to upper, Billy took in all there was to see—the enclosed glass space at the center of the boat, where pistons rose and fell in swishing green river water, and the rack of souvenirs and picture postals (where he bought several to send back to Mother and Dad.) They were going to Rangely to-morrow with the Van Alstens; that was why Billy had been sent up to his uncle's camp in the Catskills. Uncle hadn't answered the telegram but he was always at his studio working; besides he had just written Dad to send on those papers, registered mail, so they knew he must be there. Billy, himself, was taking the papers, and he felt very experienced and



self-reliant as he pocketed ship's stationery for future use and made a third trip to the counter where chocolate bars were for sale.

He didn't want to think of that bag. It made him uneasy. The more he thought, the more uneasy he became. He wanted to talk to somebody. He was lonely. But everyone was in a party, it seemed. And soda-pop in bottles, sandwiches, broiled chicken, and bananas began to appear on deck, for it was lunch hour. He drifted to the upper deck and hunted for a patch of shade.

He discovered a solitary camp chair on the rear end of the deck. He sat down and pretended to be interested in West Point fast disappearing into the landscape.

The men on the other side were talking. Bits of their talk drifted toward Billy, and though he was not curious, he could not help but overhear. They were talking about somebody called Bracket. And it was evident that one of the men disliked him dreadfully—he could say nothing good about him; he simply had no use for him *at all!*

In the discussion, Billy couldn't understand everything. He remembered the movie he and Dad had been to see last night as a parting bit of fun together. In it, there was that villain who didn't like somebody—and the hero had overheard a conversation, just like Billy here!

Being a hero, he had warned the man and prevented a catastrophe, and Billy began to imagine himself in the role of hero, warning Bracket. But as Bracket would have to be told what the villain looked like, Billy peeked around the camp chairs stacked up to make

the shade—and whom should he see but the very man who had checked the bag so like his very own? He jumped to his feet. "Your bag didn't have any scratch on it," he cried. "It got mixed up with mine—I know it did! I want the one that belonged to me—"

But the men were getting up and moving away rapidly and they only looked at Billy as if they thought he was a joke.

"What's the matter with that boy?" one of them exclaimed.

It made Billy feel very young indeed. He ran after them—but he could not catch them. Where they went to, he could not see. He tried to find them, more positive every moment that the bags *were* mixed up, thinking maybe they were after those papers with which Dad had trusted him! He hunted everywhere—he could not find those men, but a blue-uniformed officer was calling through a megaphone, "Kingston Point landing! Kingston Point! All-off-for-Catskills and points west! Get your baggage!"

It was Billy's landing!

Well, he would go down and get the bag and look it over and see if it was a mistake— He knew he should have done that before, only he'd been too busy pretending to be a "hero" like the man in the movies and his sense had deserted him in make-believe.

"Why was I such a goose?" he said to himself. When he had given in his check, the new and shining bag that was given him was *not* his! It did not open to his key!

He tried to get back to the window, but he couldn't! Besides, the gangplank was being hoisted, and right by the rope stood the man with the bag that belonged to Billy.

Billy managed to wiggle and squeeze past the persons in line, for he had to catch that man and *show him* that he didn't have the right bag! He had to confront him with it and yell maybe for an officer!

At last, he was on the gangplank. The man was but a few steps ahead—and then, as luck would have it, up came two baggage men with a truck, heading straight for Billy. Some one pulled him out of the way and held him. He could see the two men ahead get into a blue sedan and slam the door. There was a second while they waited—

"Let me go," squealed Billy. "Somebody's got my bag!" But it was too late—they had gone!

There was nothing else to do but get into the waiting train for West Hurley; the conductor asked him if he had lost his party. When

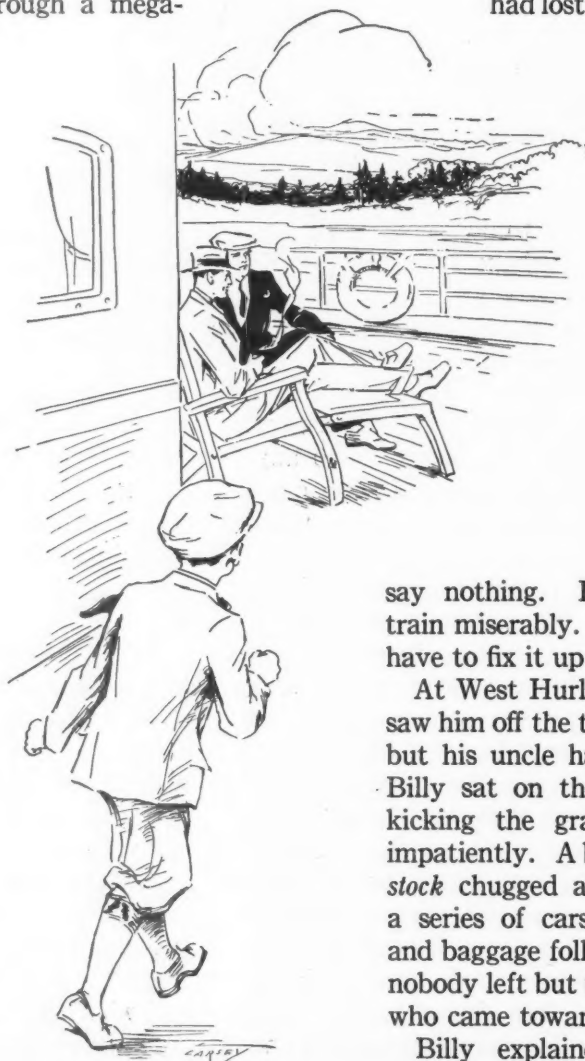
he explained about the bag, the conductor said, "Well, you'll get it again; they'll find your address inside. They don't want your bag, son; they want *their own!*"

Since he was so positive about it, Billy could

say nothing. He got onto the train miserably. His uncle would have to fix it up.

At West Hurley, the conductor saw him off the train with the bag, but his uncle had not yet come. Billy sat on the platform's rim, kicking the gravel and waiting impatiently. A bus marked *Woodstock* chugged and went off, and a series of cars with passengers and baggage followed. There was nobody left but the station master who came toward Billy.

Billy explained that he was



waiting until someone came for him.

But time went on and his uncle did not come. When Billy asked if he could get a taxi, the station master laughed. "No, sir," he grinned, "not to-day. To-day's the big Maverick Day! What, don't you know about Maverick? The artist colony gets it up every year in August: everybody goes in fancy rigs. They have an outdoor play and suppers around bonfires, and a dance in the evening. You ought to see it some-day, Son!"

"I'd like to," said Billy. "But I don't know if my uncle will take me. Oh, I 'most forgot. I have to telegraph."

He did. And the station master began to close up. He didn't know just what he was going to do about Billy, since there were no cars to be had, but just then, around the curve of road there came a blue sedan like the one that man had got into at Kingston Point! Billy rushed out upon the platform to see it.

It was not, however, the man with Billy's bag; it was a young artist in masquerade! He had come to send off an express package of a magazine cover to a well-known magazine. The station master knew him; it developed that he was G. G. Whatell and that if Billy didn't know about him, he ought to! Anyhow he was friendly and concerned. "Well, you are in a fix, kid," he said. "I'm going your way and I'll give you a lift, but I'll have to

take you along to Maverick with me. I'll take you to your uncle after supper and I'll take you right along—hop in!"

It seemed the only thing to do, since there was a chance that his uncle might not have come down the mountain for his mail. Mail was held at the store and telegrams, Billy learned, were also held at the store till called for, as it was too far up the mountain to deliver and his uncle had no phone!

It was good to be on the way and fun to be going to see the sights of that jolly show of Maverick! It was fun to be driving along with a pi-

rate that looked exactly as if he had stepped out of Billy's copy of "Treasure Island." Billy confided to the friendly pirate all about *that bag*. It came about

naturally, since the pirate had offered to open Billy's bag and fix him up a costume, but of course, Billy couldn't get the bag open.

"Funny thing is," declared Billy, "their car was just the same model as this. I'd know those men anywhere, if I should see them."

A loud honking interrupted him. He looked back as the car at their rear shot past. It was a blue sedan going at a great rate. Billy screamed, "Stop! Stop!" But it paid no attention. "Get 'em," he yelled. "That's the car, and they've got my bag with those papers!" *The conclusion of "Billy and the Bag" will appear in the June issue of Child Life.*





Little Grandma's Turquoise Ring



By RUTH GIPSON PLOWHEAD

THIS all happened when Sally Lou and Betty Sue were spending a week with Grandma in the country. The girls were playing in the sand pile. Sally Lou, in a careless moment, slipped the ring from her finger and buried it in a mound of sand, playing that it was a princess in a turreted castle. Just then Zip, the playful pup, ran through the sand, ruining the castles, and leaving two very cross little girls gazing angrily at his stubby tail, disappearing around the corner of the house. When Sally Lou started to search for her ring, it was nowhere to be found! She and Betty Sue hunted and hunted. They finally called to little Grandma, who had come into the yard to feed the newest baby chicks.

"Grandma, oh, Grandma. I've lost my ring—the ring daddy gave me for Christmas. I slipped it off for just a minute to put it in my castle, and Zip spoiled everything, and my dear little ring is gone—it's gone!" Sally was on the verge of very loud weeping.

Grandma was sweet and kind. She did not say, "Well, Sally Lou, you are a very foolish little girl and deserve to lose your ring. Any little child who is so careless should never have a ring."

No, she listened patiently while both little girls tried to talk at once. Then, when they had shown her the very spot where they thought the ring was buried, she said, "Wait. You may play a new game—*Hunt The Ring*. This is a magic game, and will uncover buried treasure." She walked briskly into the house, and soon returned with two pails, two spoons, and two sieves.

"Now," she said, "we will make a new sand pile and hunt the ring. Each of you may spoon up as much sand as

your pail will hold, and sift it onto this spot which I mark with a big circle. The ring will not go through the sieve, so one of you will find it; and whoever does shall have a prize." Then she gave a little chuckle and added, "And whoever doesn't find it shall have a prize because she didn't find it."

Wasn't that just like little Grandma? The girls thought it such a joke that they laughed and laughed, and little Grandma went away, her cheeks and arms and sides shaking with mirth.

How Sally Lou and Betty Sue worked!! They sifted and sifted and sifted. Sally Lou's face became as red as it did the day she marched in the Fourth of July parade, and Betty Sue had little streams of water trickling down her soft pink cheeks. Finally Sally Lou said, "I'm tired of digging and hunting where the ring *is*. I'm going to dig where it *isn't*."

So she scooped up a big pail of sand and sifted, and way at the very bottom—clink! clink!—there in the sieve lay Sally Lou's pretty little ring with her initials on it. Both little girls ran so fast, and threw their arms around Grandma, who was bustling about the kitchen and cooking something which smelled so good! They cried, "We've found it, Grandma. We've found it, Grandma. Your magic game was a nice game."

And Sally Lou said, "I get a prize because I found the ring."

And Betty Sue said, "I get a prize because I didn't find the ring."

Little Grandma beamed all over and said, "Run to the grape arbor and wait a few minutes. I will soon be there with the prizes."

Betty Sue and Sally Lou were very warm and very tired, so they were glad to sit on the bench in the pleasant arbor and rest. In a very few minutes Grandma came into the



[Continued on page 304]

A sad surprise for little Demon Dirt

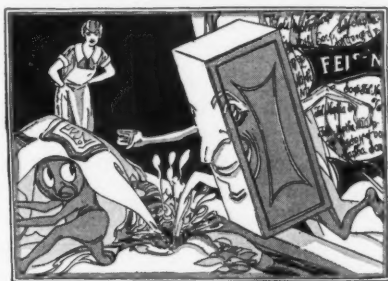


DEMON DIRT was hiding. Hiding in the washtub, with his head tucked under a table-cloth.

"Ho-ho!" he chuckled, mischievously, "she won't get me out of here in a hurry. She can rub and rub, but I'm going to stick tight to these clothes, so there! And I'll make her arms ache, and her back all tired—just like I always do, I will! I'll make her so tired she'll cry!"

But sh-h!—she was coming, and she was singing as she rolled up her sleeves. Demon Dirt was startled and a little bit alarmed.

"That's queer," he muttered to himself, "I never heard her sing on a wash-day morning, before. Still, she won't sing long. Just wait 'til she tries to drive me away!"



But before Demon Dirt had a chance to get himself set for the tussle, what do you think happened? A golden bar of Fels-Naptha Soap climbed briskly out of his red-and-green wrapper, and jumped straight into the tub—right after stubborn Demon Dirt!

Demon Dirt ran. He scurried and scampered away from those clothes and out of that tub as fast as he could, for he knew he couldn't stand up against that good golden soap. And such rejoicing he left behind him! A happy voice cried—"You did it, Fels-Naptha! I never before saw Dirt disappear so quickly and so completely!"



FELS-NAPTHA

To Mothers—

Fels-Naptha Soap brings extra help that does the hard rubbing of wash-day—the extra help of two effective cleaners, working together. Naptha, the safe cleaner that "dry cleaners" use—blended with good golden soap by the special

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Fels-Naptha process. Plenty of naptha loosens the grime and dirt, and the rich, soapy suds wash them away.

In washing-machine or tub—in cool or lukewarm water—or when clothes are boiled—Fels-Naptha gets the clothes clean, sweet-smelling and snowy white. And it is gentle to the hands. Next wash-day, let its extra help lighten the labor at your house! Order Fels-Naptha Soap from your grocer.

© 1928, Fels & Co.



PEAR PUDDING

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

HAVE you noticed how busily Mother Earth is cleaning her domain these spring days? During April, she washed the fields and gardens with many a shower. Now she is tinting the grass a fresh, clean green, covering the dingy gardens with leaves and blossoms and the hillsides with a mass of bloom. It doesn't look like the same world the cold March winds blew across, does it?

Over a clean world, the sun shines so brightly into the kitchen that we can suddenly see every speck of dust and disorder, so—presto! First thing we know, we are cleaning house, straightening the playroom, raking the lawn and making our special corner of the world as beautiful as the rest.

To top off the spring cleaning, many Child Life cooks plan to celebrate May Day by hanging a basket of flowers on Mother's door. She will be so pleased and it's such a jolly thing to do bright and early in the morning.

While the cleaning spirit is in the air, ask Mother to allow you to help clean the pantry cupboards—we think that task is lots of fun. One takes pans, jars and kettles off the shelves. One dusts and cleans each carefully. Then discarding the soiled shelf papers, one spreads fresh ones and puts everything back in order. Perhaps Mother may have some gay printed shelf paper. Or perhaps it will seem more fun to cut bordered papers from folded newspaper. Every way, shelf cleaning is jolly and Child

Life cooks want to surely help with the work.

Speaking of cleaning, we wonder if we ought to tell new cooks how very particular we are about personal tidiness while we work in our kitchen.

To be sure, that subject is an old story to us who have been cooking these many months. But we suddenly remember that we have new readers all the time and perhaps they don't know how very important we think cleanliness is.

Every time we cook we wash our hands—with soap and a careful rinse—before we begin. We clean our finger nails, tidy our hair and rinse our hands again. Then we put on a cap and apron so that we may look and be real cooks.

Then we are ready for the important business of making something good.

This month we are going to bake a pudding—not a rich, heavy pudding such as no one wants on a bright spring day, but a delicate, fruit pudding that will taste just right when one wishes so much for fruit and yet the real fresh fruit is not yet in market.

For this pudding we shall need a can of fine pears—get those that come in neat halves, about seven or eight to the can; a cupful of crumbs (bread crumbs, cracker crumbs or cornflakes rolled fine); 2 tablespoonfuls of butter and 3 tablespoonfuls of chopped preserved ginger. If you want this to be a surprise pudding—for your mother, maybe—consult her about the supplies and

[Continued on page 306]



When he begins to grow away from you . . .

*This simple plan
to help you
guide him*

HOW anxious he is to grow up and face the world alone! Already he is making plans—plans that change over night. But, to give him the right start—that's his mother's problem.

He's so *careless*. Hard on his clothes—forgetful of responsibility—unconscious of what his sturdy little body needs. The matter of food, for instance.

What a sketchy breakfast he'd bolt down—if you'd let him!

It's the kind of thing other people's boys and girls have to be watched for, too. Knowing this, school authorities are making a nation-wide campaign to help rouse youngsters' enthusiasm for the *right* sort of breakfast every day. They are emphasizing the thing that mothers know will stick to little ribs all morning! A *hot, cooked cereal*.

Tests made in the schools of many great cities—Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis—have shown conclusively just what all teachers and mothers have already found out: that children are seriously handicapped in the school room and at play when they do not have a *hot, cooked cereal*, regularly, in the morning. Displayed on the walls of over 70,000 school rooms today is this slogan:

*"Every boy and girl needs
a hot cereal breakfast"*

You yourself know how serene you feel—how sure you are that they are ready for the day ahead when you see them emptying their bowls of *hot Cream of Wheat*.

Here are three important reasons why both mothers and health authorities, for over 30 years, have considered Cream of



Wheat an ideal *hot, cooked cereal* for children:

1. It gives in abundance the food elements, rich in mental and physical energy, which children need.
2. Cream of Wheat is exceptionally easy and quick to digest because it contains none of the harsh, indigestible parts of the wheat.
3. Children love its creamy goodness—easily varied by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.

It's so simple to safeguard your children

in this way at breakfast. Start now and know that you are giving them every possible chance to make good in their classes and in their games. The simple plan described below will help you establish the regular habit of a hot bowl of Cream of Wheat in the morning. Your grocer has it.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

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FREE—Mothers say this plan works wonders!

A plan that arouses your children's interest in a *hot, cooked cereal* breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. A youngster's club with badges and a secret for members, with gold stars and colored wall charts. A plan that children work out for themselves. All material free—sent direct to your children together with a letter addressed to them personally and a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Also a copy of the new enlarged edition of "The Important Business of Feeding Children."

This book gives a summary of the most recent findings of authorities on the problem of diet for children and infants, with special pages on what to do for the child who "just won't eat."

To get all the club material, as described on the left, and the booklet, free, just mail coupon to Dept. R 14, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.



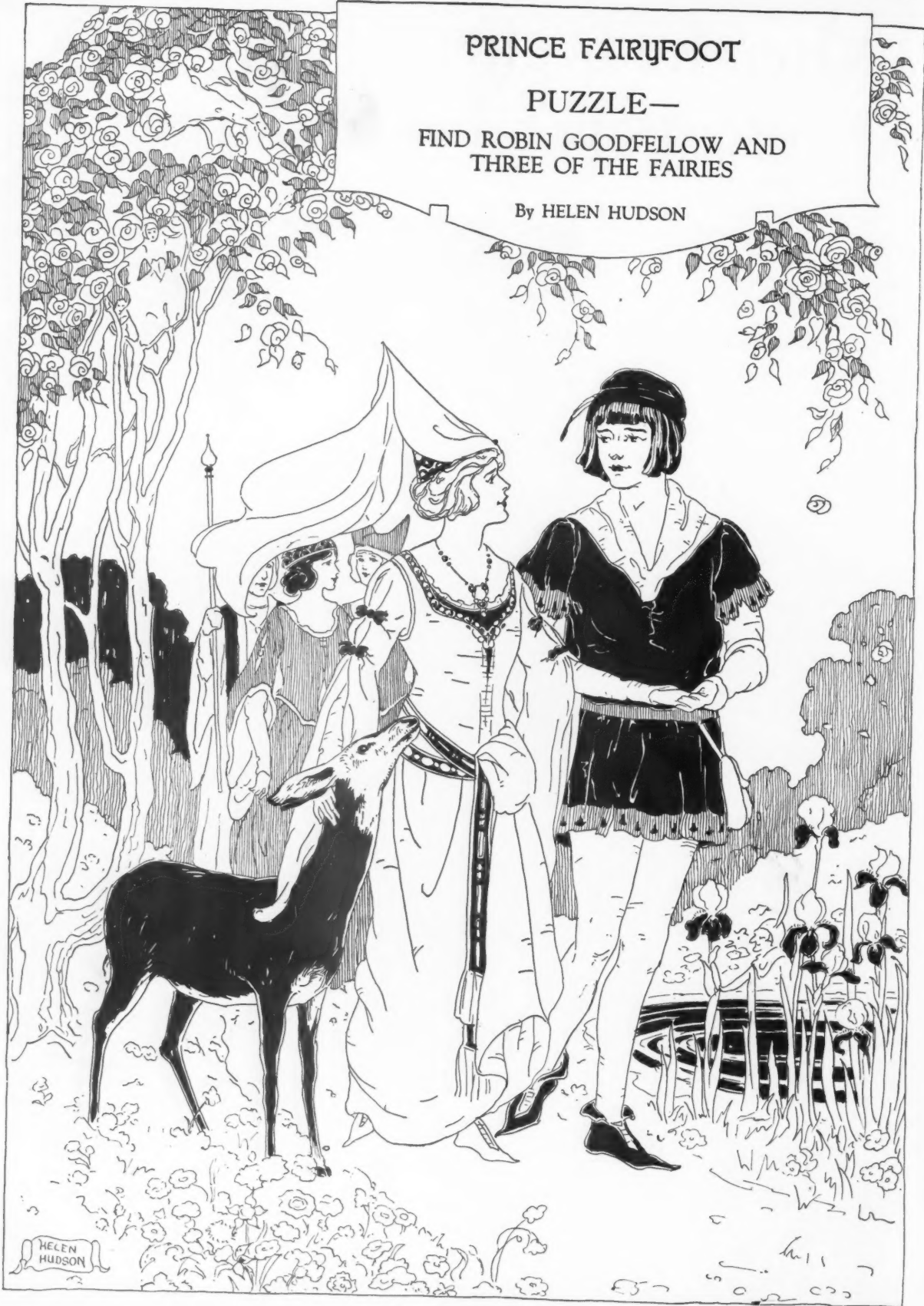
Name of child.....
First name..... Last name.....
Street..... City..... State.....

PRINCE FAIRYFOOT

PUZZLE—

FIND ROBIN GOODFELLOW AND
THREE OF THE FAIRIES

By HELEN HUDSON



*So healthy
and happy now*

**Free from the dangers
of underweight**



"Gained 10 percent in 12 weeks . . ."

2427—23rd Avenue
Oakland, California

Three-year-old Barbara caught colds easily. When she lost weight we thought it was the continuous cold dragging her down. But her grandmother who came to visit us had different ideas. "Give the child foods to increase her weight and she can resist colds," she said. And since grandmother used Horlick's Malted Milk for herself, Barbara thought it great. Not a cold has she had this winter, and she weighs 42 lbs. now, a gain of over 10 per cent in twelve weeks.

Mrs. M. K. Valentine

EVERYWHERE American mothers tell of results like these—from a delicious food-drink children love.

They know that Horlick's Malted Milk builds up in underweight conditions, adds sturdy pounds, *in a perfectly natural way.*

There are no secrets. The exclusive Horlick method of manufacture combines all the precious nourishment of fresh, full-cream cow's milk with malted barley and wheat.

The milk is from inspected herds. It is carefully pasteurized. By the Horlick process, the vitamins which promote growth are retained.

The choice grains are malted in Horlick's own malt house. The essential minerals and other valuable elements of the whole grain are retained. The high-energy, easily digested malt sugars—dextrin and maltose—give it a delicious, malty sweetness.

So, in giving your child "Horlick's," you know that you are providing the purest of foods.

"Horlick's" is the *original* Malted Milk. It is made in the



*"Both have 'Horlick's'
every day"*

3918 Fulton Street,
San Francisco, California

My seven year old boy had been told how Horlick's made him "big and husky," and he generously divided his glass one day with baby Edward, 15 months old, so he would sooner be big enough to play with him.

Now they both have Horlick's Malted Milk every day, and the only trouble with Bobby's plan is that he is growing as fast as baby brother!

Mrs. H. E. Barwick

*"Bobby kept free from
sickness"*

710 14th Street S.
Fargo, N. D.

Like most mothers, I wanted to keep my young son normal in weight and free from sickness. I had long known the reputation of Horlick's Malted Milk for doing just this, so it was natural for me to try it. Bobby gained so steadily that he now weighs about two and a half pounds more than the average and he has a rugged



appearance that our neighbors have remarked about time and again.

Mrs. Morris Voedisch

A nourishing, delicious table drink for adults. Induces sound sleep if taken before retiring. An ideal food beverage for invalids, convalescents, nursing mothers, the aged and infirm



Horlick's, the Original Malted Milk, is sold in both natural and chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form

country under ideal sanitary and hygienic conditions.

Its use by physicians for more than a third of a century is an endorsement of its superior quality and unvarying reliability.

If you have children who are underweight, try giving them "Horlick's" regularly—at meal times or as an after-school lunch.

If your children are of normal weight, give them "Horlick's" to fortify them against the energy demands of work and play, and to build up resistance against illness.

Buy a package today and put your children on the road to sturdier health. Avoid substitutes. Insist upon "Horlick's"—the original and genuine.

*Prepared in a minute at home.
Sold everywhere in hermetically sealed glass jars*

FREE SAMPLE

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Dept. D-8, Racine, Wis.

In Canada, address
2155 Pius IX Ave.,
Montreal

This coupon is good for one sample of either Horlick's Malted Milk (natural) or Horlick's Chocolate Malted Milk.

The Speedy Mixer for quickly mixing a delicious Malted Milk in a glass will also be mailed to you if you enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover postage.

Check sample wanted ☐ Natural ☐ Chocolate

Name.....

Address.....

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THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK



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A camp unique, cheerful, homelike. Entertainment and recreation; sports, horseback riding, and swimming; weekly excursions. You and your daughter will appreciate our expert chef, and the comforts of modern sanitation.

Paposes, 6-12
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On Grand Traverse Bay, near Neahawanta, Mich. All camp activities. Graduate nurse in attendance. Boys Division under Gerald H. Castle, M. D., Girls—Edna Waterman Castle. Address.

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Roosevelt, Wis. Eleventh Season
All Land and Water Sports. Craft Studio. Screened sleeping hungalows with hardwood floors. Kentucky Saddle Horses. Riding included in tuition. Staff of 30 College Women. Booklet.

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Play For Its Own Sake

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But thoughtful parents recognize deeper meanings in the vigorous life of a supervised summer camp for their children. They see that the wholesome, healthy contacts with nature and with other young fellow-beings will develop a sturdy character and will give strength to the spirit.

And parents know also that the camp for each child must be wisely chosen, and fitted for individual needs. There arises the question of selection of the right camp.

OUR SERVICE

The CHILD LIFE Camp Service, by furnishing the information at its disposal, is aiding a great many parents to make careful selection of the right camps for their children. If you are undecided about a camp to which to send yours, we are sure our service will be helpful.

CAMP ELLENOR

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Season 8 weeks
All Camp Activities
Graduate Counsellors

\$150.00

Write for particulars

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For Girls, 7 to 16 years.

On beautiful Portage Lake, Mich.

Usual sports. Best of food.

No tents. Careful oversight.

8 weeks' term \$190. No extras.

References required. CATALOG of Dr. & Mrs. F. R. Carrington, Knoxville, Ill.

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Modern, Progressive Methods. Music, Art, Sciences. 25 American and Foreign Masters.

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If the stammerer can talk with ease when alone, and most of them can, but stammers in the presence of others, it must be that in the presence of others he does something that interferes with Nature in the speech process. If then we know what it is that interferes, and the stammerer be taught how to avoid that, it must be that he is getting rid of the thing that makes him stammer. That's the philosophy of our method of cure. We can teach the mother how to cure her child or baby.

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A Modern Progressive Country Boarding School
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"The great day nursery best of all
With pictures pasted on the wall
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A pleasant room wherein to wake" etc.

Give your child the inheritance of happy memories. Beautiful shaded lawns, playground, swings, sand-piles, etc. Specialized care and thorough training up to Eighth Grade. Supervised out-door play. Music. Dancing.

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SOLVE YOUR SCHOOL OR CAMP PROBLEM BY WRITING TO THE CHILD LIFE BUREAU OF EDUCATION

ESTHER M. AMES, Director

270 Madison Avenue, New York

I am interested in School ☐ Camp ☐

Name of Parent

Address

Age of Child

Sex

Religion

Location preferred

Approximate Tuition

Special features: (Activities emphasized in camp; college preparatory, finishing, military, or junior school, etc.)

CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS



1 It was Mother's Day, and Betsy Ann was driving the cow home from pasture and thinking of the surprise party nearly ready for Mother.



2 So at first she didn't see Farmer Brown's dog slip out of his collar and dash out after her to pull her off her high horse.



3 Then, grabbing her by one foot, the dog dragged her down into the dusty road. But her uncowed cow wouldn't stand for that.



4 And the next instant she hooked the dog off Betsy Ann, who promptly climbed up onto her pony's back.



5 Mother and Chip's chums, who had seen the adventure from afar, rushed to meet her as she came riding in triumph to the table where the butter-cake and ice cream were waiting. The rest said, "Thank you" to the cow for the refreshments, too. But Betsy Ann wound her arms around her gentle Bossy's neck and kissed her.

THE HIDE-AND-SEEK HOUSE

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

By MABEL S. MERRILL

Billy and Klink Miller, while visiting at their grandfather's farm, find a large packing box floating in a big pool of overflow water from the river. Turning this up on end, it makes a splendid playhouse, which they call the Hide-and-Seek House, and an old tub that will really float serves them for a boat. The only thing lacking is a pirate, and when Uncle Nat floats down the river on his raft, on which there is a regular shanty, in which he eats and sleeps and lives, the boys decide that he makes as satisfactory a companion as a regular pirate would, and accept his invitation to have dinner with him. He takes them for a call at the "doughnut factory" over at the river drivers' camp across the river, and they have such delightful times that they decide that, while they will still stay with their grandpa nights, they will be pirates along with Uncle Nat in the daytime. The next day they make the acquaintance of Charles Day, nicknamed Captain Kid because, although he is fourteen, he is still called "the kid" at home. Charles has a motor boat called the *Red Queen*, and tows Uncle Nat's raft down to the clam flats, where the boys spend a profitable day digging for clams. The third day of their stay, Charles takes them in his motor boat to the Dunn farm, where they buy a little pig—the runt of the litter—for a pet. This time they ride home in a shanty on wheels, which belongs to the portable sawmill operating in that district, and enjoy the novelty of popping corn while they travel along the road. Meantime, their grandfather has built a portico of boards on the front of their playhouse and furnished it with a table and stools and some dishes. The river rises in the night and, the next morning when they look for their Hide-and-Seek House, it is gone.



PART FOUR

"It's sailed off down river," said Klink, looking very sober as he gazed down over the currant bushes which were now half under water. "We can't ever have any more fun at the Hide-and-Seek House, Billy."

"Let's go and tell Grandpa," proposed Billy, trying to be cheerful. "Maybe he can think of

something to do about it."

They found Grandpa out in the barn, but he said there was nothing to be done, at least until the water went down.

"Let's go and feed Snowflake," said Klink. "I don't like floods as well as I did a while ago."

The little pig was in a barrel where Grandpa had put him until he had time to build a pen for him. Snowflake seemed to like the barrel well enough except when he heard somebody coming. Then he would stand up with his forefeet against the side and squeal angrily as much as to say,

"Let me out. I want to go and find my basin of milk."

"I don't think he can tip the barrel over, he is so little," said Grandpa, hammering away at a board. "But I'm building a pen for him and when it's done we'll pop him into it before anything happens."

"We'll stay and help," cried both boys.

By noon the pen was nearly done and it was such a nice one that Klink and Billy almost thought they would like to live in it

themselves. It was going to have a door that would open and shut, and they had already covered the floor a foot deep with clean straw, so that Snowflake could go to bed anywhere. Grandpa had just begun putting the door in place when he was called to go and help fix the road below the house where the rain had washed it out. It had stopped raining now and the sun was shining. Grandpa said the water was already going down as fast as it had come up.

"We can't stay here all day looking at a pig in a barrel," said Billy as Grandpa went away down the road. "Snowflake will have to stay where he

is till the door is on his new house. Why can't we put on our long rubber boots and go out on the bank of the river to see if we can get our eye on Uncle Nat and his raft?"

They found the raft drawn up against the bank and tied fast with two ropes, one at either end. Uncle Nat invited them to come on board and watch the river drivers who had moved their tents yesterday, just in time to escape the flood, and were now going down river in their big boats with the whole crew of men. The doughnut factory in the hollow had vanished, but Uncle Nat said it would be set up farther down and that they would go and visit it some day.

The boys stayed on the raft till supper time. When they got back to the barn they found that Grandpa had come home and put the door on to the pigpen. But when they went to get Snowflake to put him into his new house there was only the empty barrel lying on its side.

"That little tyke has tipped that barrel over and gone for a walk," said Grandpa. "I don't think he can be very far away, though."

They expected to find Snowflake somewhere about the barn, but there was no sign of him. The doors had been open all day and they decided that the pig must have got out into the road.

"Nobody ever knows where a pig will go to when he starts, either," said Grandpa. "And it's getting so dark; there's no hope of finding him till it is morning again."

That night when Billy and Klink went to bed they felt dismal and almost homesick. They kept thinking of that tiny runaway out in the cold and wet, wandering around in the bushes.

"He's too little to stand it," muttered Billy. "I guess we shall never see him again."

The sun was shining next morning when they woke up, and before breakfast was finished Grandpa was waiting with the horse and cart to go and look for that pig. Klink and Billy felt better as they

climbed up beside Grandpa on the high seat.

They drove down a road that led along the bank of the river. The water which had been all over this road yesterday had gone down but there was a big pool left in the field, and in one place a brook was rushing right across their way. Grandpa stopped the horse and looked hard at the wet road.

"Here's a little mite of a track in the mud. I believe that pig went this way."

"He couldn't get across that stream of water," declared Klink, and then he said, "Oh!" and jumped to the ground.

Out of a tuft of weeds by the roadside something had darted like a flash and scampered along in the wheel track, straight toward that stream of water. It was the little pig, almost black with the mud smeared over his white coat.

"Catch him!" shouted Klink. "He'll fall into that water and be drowned."

Billy, too, had jumped down by this time and away they went to save Snowflake from drowning. Then they stopped and stared, for the little runaway had plunged straight into that stream and was swimming with all his might for the other side. He reached it in a minute and hid in the long grass of the field beyond.

Grandpa stood and laughed at the astonished faces of the two boys.

"Didn't you know that all animals can swim when they have to?" he asked.

"But Snowflake is only a baby," urged Klink. "Who would think he could get across a flood like that? What will we do now, Grandpa?"

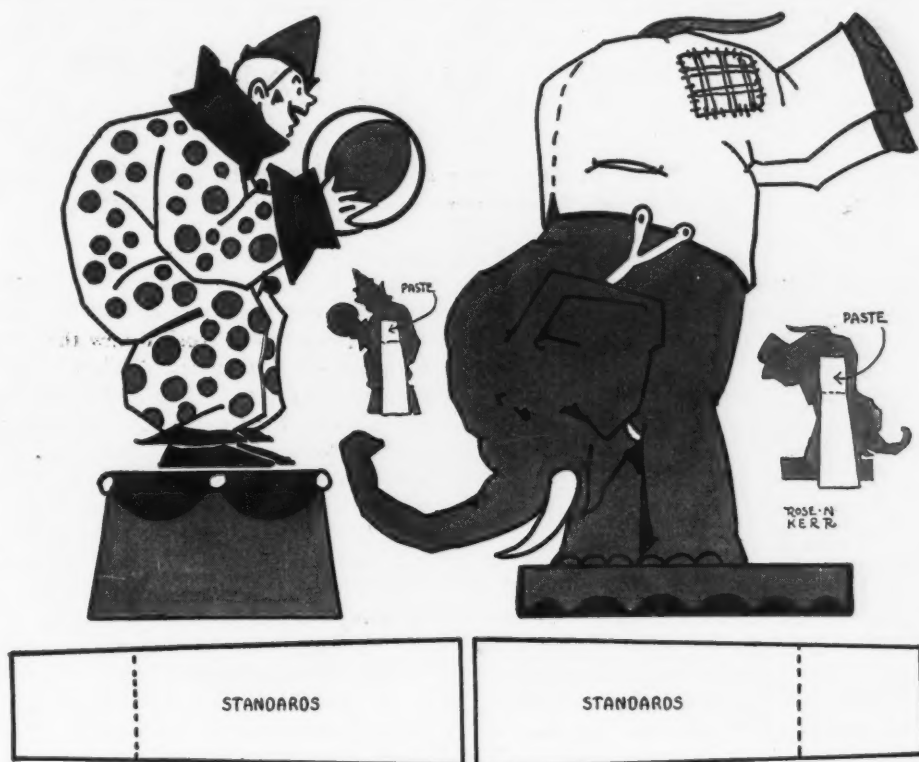
"Well, we've all got our old clothes and the water isn't very deep," returned Grandpa. "What do you say if we wade right over and get him?"

They waded over as fast as they could, but getting the pig was another thing. He scampered off through the tall grass and weeds and was out of sight in no time.

"Where did he go?" asked Klink, rubbing his eyes. "Seems as if that pig just melts into the air



(Continued on page 308)



A Crayola Circus in Your Home

CIRCUS DAY is just about the biggest day in the year. But how long it seems waiting for it to come and how soon it is all over! So why not have your own Circus at home any day you wish? Just take your box of CRAYOLA Crayons and you can easily make great big elephants, and all the other animals, as well as the funny clowns.

Begin with the pictures on this page. Draw or trace the clown and elephant (and also the standards at the bottom) on stiff cardboard. Then cut them out carefully

and color them with bright colors with black outlines. Try bright red or orange for the dots on the clown and think carefully what colors to use on the elephant. Then paste the standards to the backs as shown in the little sketches, bend slightly at the dotted lines, and they will stand up. Camels, lions, seals, and the whole menagerie can be made in the same way. You'll find it lots of fun and so will your friends.



WHENEVER you go to the store for CRAYOLA, ask for "CRAYOLA wax crayon in the familiar yellow and green box." Be sure it says "CRAYOLA" on the box.

BINNEY & SMITH Co.
41 East 42nd Street New York, N.Y.



JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

Robert and Ruth Discover the Wosilco Sprite in the Home of "M" Garments

Because of the interest shown by many of our readers in Advertising Land, Robert and Ruth will make a series of visits to the business homes of advertisers in Child Life.



ROBERT and Ruth had just arrived in Minneapolis on one of the big limited trains from Chicago to take a trip through the Minneapolis Knitting Works. "Wonder what it will be like," Ruth said. "I don't know," Robert answered, "but we're going to find out how our 'M' underwear is made." Shortly after, accompanied by mother, they reached the knitting works. They had taken off their coats when a cheery voice called, "I am Wosilco, the spirit of this mill. I am in all the materials, in all the knitting needles and in all the machines which are used to make the 'M' garments you wear. I'm ready to take you on your journey through the mill."

Robert and Ruth turned around in amazement. There in front of them stood a funny little creature. His body was of wool, his head of silk, and his arms and legs of cotton.

"Oh, Robert, I know, I know," Ruth said as she jumped up and down gleefully.

"What do you know?" asked Robert.

"How Wosilco got his strange name. He just used the first letters of the materials he is made of, WO-SIL-CO."

"That's right," Wosilco said, "now follow me for we are going to the knitting room first where I will tell you about the materials used." Upstairs they found a large room filled with machines whirling around and around. Hundreds of giant spools called bobbins or cones were standing in neat rows, with different kinds of yarn on them. Wosilco explained that all the yarns are bought from the spinner who takes the raw materials, cotton and wool and spins it into yarn. Through a special process, Rayon, a fiber

silk, is made from cotton linters or wood pulp.

Robert was fascinated by the beautiful shiny machines and asked Wosilco how they could knit so fast. Wosilco replied, "When Mother knits she uses four needles but when these machines knit they use from 300 to 1,500 needles and make several thousand stitches a minute. Cylinders and dials made of specially constructed steel, and an automatic stop motion connected to a spring, all help to turn out perfect knit goods." "That's just wonderful," Robert exclaimed, "and what happens after the machines finish knitting these great big rolls of material?" "We are going to the processing department now," Wosilco said as he took them downstairs where the knit goods is washed and rinsed many times and then hung on racks and placed in large spotlessly clean drying rooms. Robert and Ruth were so interested in the processing Wosilco called to the superintendent and introduced him. "This is Iver Odegaard. He has been helping to make 'M' garments for thirty-nine years." Iver Odegaard smiled and said, "I am glad you are so interested in my department. You know we use only pure vegetable oil soaps in washing our knit goods and our rinsing water is

as soft as rain water. That is one of the things that makes your 'M' underwear so soft, and another reason is that we do not use intense heat in drying the knit goods. The temperature in our drying rooms is just like a summer day," he added proudly. Robert and Ruth wanted to stay and talk to old Iver who was so happy in his work, but there was too much else to be seen.

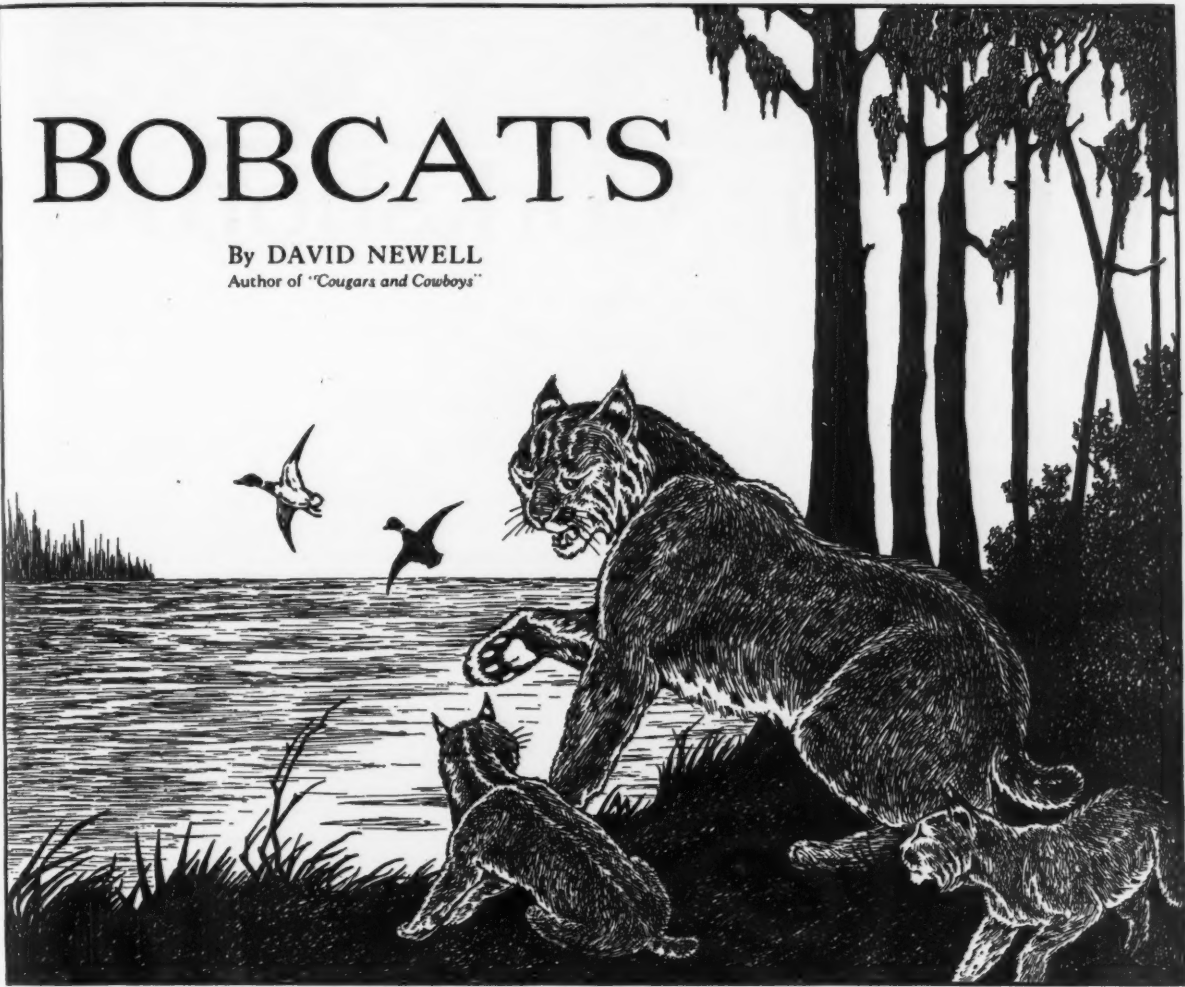
"Now I am taking you to the hospital department," Wosilco

(Continued on page 309)



BOBCATS

By DAVID NEWELL
Author of "Cougars and Cowboys"



THIS old mother bobcat and her two kittens came sneaking up out of the dark swamp. There were two fat ducks swimming close to the shore of the lake, and the old cat meant to have them for supper. But one of the kittens was in too big a hurry and pushed forward to look. There was a whistle of wings and away flew the ducks. Of course the mother bobcat is cross—as you can see in the picture—and she is probably telling that kitten a few things about obeying its mother!

Bobcats are found in many different parts of the country, from the southern swamps up to the north woods, and on out through the western mountains. Some folks call them wildcats and some other folks call them "catamounts." A scientist calls a bobcat a "bay lynx." But we know that they are all bobcats just the same, and it's a good name too, for anybody can see what funny little bob-tails they have. Like their large cousin, the Canada lynx, these pretty brownish gray bobcats have tufted ears and long side whiskers. The kittens are spotted, just like baby pumas, or

fawns, but unlike them, bobcat kittens never lose their spots. When they are grown, they have as many spots as when they were kittens. Sometimes they have more.

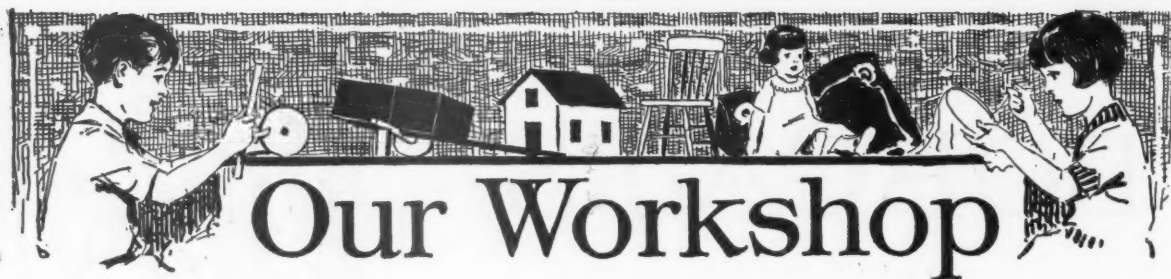
You have probably read stories of fierce, dangerous wildcats jumping down from a limb on top of a grown man. Now just between you and me and the old owl these stories are not true. Bobcats are afraid of humans and will run away whenever they think there is a man around. Of course a bobcat is a dangerous fighter when it is cornered, but then even a squirrel will fight for its life, if it is attacked.

Like all the cats, a bobcat sheaths its claws which thus make no print on the ground, as you can see by studying the tracks. Bobcat tracks look just like puma tracks, only, as you will notice, they are much smaller.

Next month you will see one of the largest animals found in the United States. I wonder if you can guess what it will be. It has a shaggy black beard and it is not a buffalo.

(For Contest Directions, see page 293)





THESE little sticks give color to the garden before planted seeds send up their shoots. Then, some of them are useful to support tall stalks, which, as you have probably noticed, are sometimes too slender to support the weight of blossoms, so bend over and break. For indicating what has been planted in this row and that, they are also useful. These are reasons why Mother and other garden lovers delight in owning such sticks.

But the brightly-colored sticks sold in stores are not cheap, and often when the season's plants, bulbs and seeds have been purchased, there is not much money left to buy sticks with. So, instead of buying them, many gardeners use twigs, clothespins, broken laths and split-up boards for garden markers and supports.

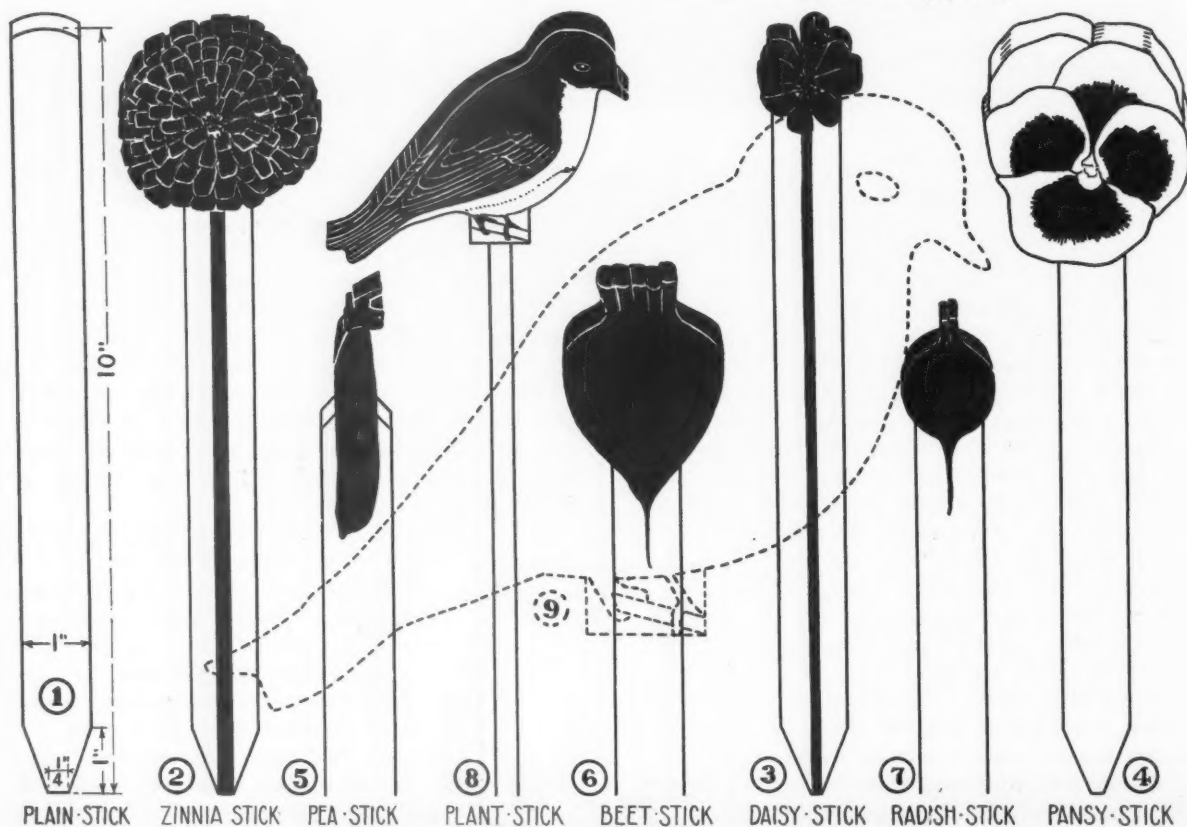
By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "The Boy Craftsman," "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys," "Home-Made Games and Game Equipment," etc.

MAKE GARDEN STICKS AND EARN MONEY

It is too bad that they do this, because broken, unpainted sticks are ugly. But it opens a way for you to earn vacation money because garden sticks are easy to make, and you can sell them much cheaper than store sticks. Right in your neighborhood you ought to be able to get more orders than you can fill. You can sell cheaply because your workshop has little or no overhead, by which is meant such expenses as rent, heat, light, power, upkeep of machinery, salaries to factory hands, to office boys and to other employees, and selling costs. Father may begin to talk about charging rent when he sees your profits rolling in, but a request for larger quarters or better equipment will probably end that talk. Although he may not admit it, he will be mighty glad to know that your business is a success.

[Continued on page 307]



RULES FOR WILD ANIMAL CONTEST

WOULD you like a real, live baby alligator next summer—one less than a foot long to catch flies and eat raw meat and take a swim when he has a chance?

David Newell, the artist-naturalist, is going to give six baby alligators as the first six prizes in the CHILD LIFE Wild Animal Contest. To the very first prize-winner he will also give an autographed copy of his book, "Cougars and Cowboys." Then there'll be honorable mention for those he chooses and a message for all from David Newell.

First of all, write Mr. Newell—if you haven't done so already—care CHILD LIFE Magazine, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, for a free map of the United States with the tracks of six animals on it. These six animals are being pictured in CHILD LIFE, between January and June, with their tracks. You do not have to buy CHILD LIFE in order to enter the contest. Copies may be read at our office or at nearly all public libraries. The footprints of the animals, described in the January, February, March, and April issues may be found on page 299. For a description of the animal Mr. Newell tells you about this month, turn to page 291.

Second, make a list of the six animals and the states in which their tracks appear.

Third, to enter for the prizes send the list of animals and states, together with a letter of not over two hundred words about the wild animal you like best, to Mr. David Newell, care CHILD LIFE Magazine, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois before June 12, 1928.

The prizes will be awarded for the six best lists and letters.

David Newell,
CHILD LIFE Magazine,
536 S. Clark Street,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the map of the United States with the tracks of six animals. I want to enter the Wild Animal Contest.

Name

Address

City.....State.....



There was once a young Princess so beautiful that many a Prince from far-off lands came to win her hand. Then, suddenly, her beauty began to fade—so much so that the Princes, one after another, deserted the castle.

The King, her father, summoned a famous Doctor. "Make the Princess beautiful and happy again," said the King, "and you shall name your reward."

"The Princess has starved her beauty," announced the great Doctor. "What she needs is a food that will put iron in her blood, health and energy in her body, and that will make her cheeks as smooth and pink as the petals of a rose."

Thereupon, the King, at the Doctor's direction, sent for some wheat. This he had ground into

a meal—then roasted and toasted to a NUT-BROWN color. The next morning, the Princess was served a big steaming bowlful for breakfast.

"How delicious!" exclaimed the Princess, and asked for a second helping. Thereafter, she ate it every day, and soon her cheeks became, as the Doctor promised—"smooth and pink as the petals of a rose."

Every little girl—and boy, too—who wants rosy cheeks and a sturdy, healthy body, should eat the same delicious whole-wheat food that helped the Princess recover her lost beauty. Just ask your mother to give you Wheatena—the delicious NUT-BROWN wheat cereal.

Ask her to get Wheatena from the grocer today so you may have it for breakfast tomorrow.

Wheatena—the cereal for strength, growth and energy

Mothers—do you know why Wheatena is such a wonderful food? It contains the minerals, vitamins and other great strength, growth and energy materials that nature packs into the WHOLE-WHEAT kernel. And it costs less than 1 cent a dish to serve.



FREE Sample package of Wheatena (enough for 3 persons) and a Recipe Book.

The Wheatena Corporation,
Wheatenville, Rahway, N. J.

Name

Address CL 6-28



OUT in the sun—in a Jantzen Sun-suit, your child benefits by the *vitalizing* rays

SCIENCE has found that the beneficial part of sunlight is that known as the "ultra-violet rays." Child specialists and other prominent physicians are recommending daily sun-baths as an important factor in child health.

Under the supervision of a noted child specialist, the Jantzen Sun-suit was designed. To give a maximum exposure of skin surface to the sun, the neck, armholes and legs of the suit have been cut away. Modest looking, though, it can be worn "anywhere under the sun!"

Basically a Jantzen swimming suit . . . every inch a Jantzen! Of long-fibred wool, tightly knitted by a process called Jantzen-stitch. Its extreme elasticity provides for

the growth of your child. Being of wool, it absorbs normal perspiration; guards your child against changing temperatures.

Aside from the healthful advantages of Jantzen Sun-suits, children delight in wearing them. They give perfect freedom . . . are ideal for all manner of outdoor play. Mothers, too, will find them a saving in children's clothes as well as in laundering trouble.

See the new models in Jantzen Sun-suits on display at leading stores everywhere. Descriptive booklet sent free upon request. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen
Sun-suit
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FILL OUT AND MAIL US THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

Name _____ Address _____

MOTHBALLS AND MUSHROOMS

[Continued from page 271]

SUE SALLY MARIE (*in a slim voice*): Yes.

RUMPELSTILZKIN: Mm — No — No. I see you climbing out of the window. Through the garden. There! [*She gets excited and walks up and down, waving a soap bubble.*] Am I right?

SUE SALLY MARIE: Yes! Yes!

RUMPELSTILZKIN: Yes — no — past the syringa bush. What's the matter? I've lost the scent. [*Opening both eyes*] What did you do then? I've lost it.

SUE SALLY MARIE: Nothing.

RUMPELSTILZKIN: Think! Did you stop to look into any rain-barrels?

SUE SALLY MARIE (*shaking her head*): No.

RUMPELSTILZKIN: Or watering troughs? Or springs or ditches or creeks or culverts or friths or fords or lakes or lochs or puddles or pools or ponds—

SUE SALLY MARIE: I only jumped the gutter.

RUMPELSTILZKIN (*to the QUEEN*): That settles it.

QUEEN: What is it, Rumpelstilzkin?

RUMPELSTILZKIN: A smile lost in running water may have traveled to the ends of the world by now.

FRECKLEMAKER (*announcing*): The Lord High Chamberlain! The Lord High Chamberlain returns from fishing with a noble string of minnows!

[*THE LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAIN enters and bows to right and left with a hasty air, but mostly to the QUEEN. He carries his fishing pole in one hand and in the other his string of minnows.*]

THE LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAIN: Your Majesty! My most humble apologies! I regret profoundly to have been missing from my post this morning. I have been engaged in the charitable task of providing steaks of minnow for the poor. An excellent article of diet, I assure you, very tasty, and a great deal of fun to catch. They were swarming, positively swarming. And in the

course of catching the largest I found this!

[He lays down his fishing pole and roots with a finger and thumb in his vest pocket. In a moment he holds up what looks like the lower half of a little gold false face. It is an unmistakable smile.]

SUE SALLY MARIE: My smile! My smile! The Lord High Chamberlain has found my smile!

THE LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAIN: It was encircling the chin of the largest minnow. A strapping fellow he was, but with a turn of the wrist—

[He describes the capture in pantomime to an ODD, who must perforce listen politely to his elders.]

QUEEN: Hepzibah, cancel the Lord High Chamberlain's fine!

THE LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAIN *(turning and bowing)*: Thank you, thank you.

QUEEN: And restore to Rumpelstilzkin fourteen thousand plums.

RUMPELSTILZKIN: Now that is nice of you.

[She lets loose all her soap bubbles, which go scampering about the air.]

QUEEN: Bring forward the Golden Pasty, the Sun Blink Paint Box, and the Pumpkin Flower for the Melon Blossom Test!

[The lackeys come in, chest up, the drums burst into a fairy tumble and the curtain comes down. Only one lavender and gold soap bubble escapes below it and floats over the heads of the audience to remind them that there is such a place as Fairyland.]



LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR

MILDRED BOWERS

IF SHE had a broom straw
Stuck into her hat,
We'd think it was a feather—
She's like that.



VOICES

ALICE PAULINE CLARK

It's strange. The people here
with me
Do not hear voices in the sea!
They say they never do.
It's strange. The old, the mighty
sea
Should choose a little child like me
To sing her secrets to!



Santa Fe go far West
this summer

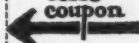
We suggest -
California - Colorado -
Grand Canyon of Arizona -
The Indian - detour - Mesa
Verde - Carlsbad Cavern -
Yosemite and Dude Ranches

Santa Fe **Xcursions** daily this summer

Cool summer way

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines, 1049 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Am interested in summer trip to _____ Please send me detailed information and free folders—California Picture Book, Indian-detour, Grand Canyon Outings.

mail
this
coupon





Designed especially for lively youngsters—to let them romp and play—the shoes will stand it

The simplicity and character of this oxford give poise and grace to every child!

Better than Barefooted

HUCKLEBERRY FINN thought he had the right idea, running around barefooted. But that was in the days of stiff, clumsy shoes! Now every youngster can have the same cool, barefoot comfort—by wearing the shoes just made for growing feet—

ACROBAT SHOES

These shoes have such an easy natural fit! And their soles are springy and flexible—just the thing for outdoor play. No hampering stiffness, no breaking in.

Made of leathers that wear better, by the Acrobat patented process which has triple stitching and is practically watertight.

Keep Your Child's Feet Happy

You will perpetuate your child's birthright of perfect feet when you allow it's foot to develop as Nature planned. This is the fundamental principle of the Acrobat Construction, which you will recognize when your child wears them.

Ask your best department or shoe store for Acrobats. If it hasn't them, it will pay you to write us before you buy, and get our helpful booklet, "Keep Your Child's Feet Happy."

Shaft-Pierce Shoe Co.

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Faribault, Minn.

Makers of Children's Good Shoes for 36 Years

A smart oxford of Patent Leather, dressy with any frock

Soft but firm—A pliable leather oxford—with a dash of style and a lot of wear



MUSIC—THE MIRROR OF MAYTIME

[Continued from page 265]

instruments, for you must remember that our orchestral instruments differ from each other in tone-quality just as red or blue differs from yellow or green. So our composers use these colorful tones of the various instruments to "paint" musical pictures, and to tell stories in tone, and all these beautiful pictures and stories are for you and me, for everyone who will keep his eyes, ears, and heart open.

If you wanted to give the effect of a bird-song in music, you wouldn't use a horn, would you? Of course not; you would, as composers say, give it to the flute, or the piccolo (the little flute), or perhaps to the oboe. So when murmurings of the forest in May, or the rushing of spring brooks are to be imitated in orchestral music, the violins, violas, 'cellos, double-basses (these are all stringed instruments) are used, with an occasional touch of the so-called "flower garden" instruments, known correctly as the *woodwinds* (flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons).

Well, here I am almost to the end of my space and I have not mentioned Smetana and Dvorak, two great composers of Czechoslovakia, who were masters of the art of translating May and its moods into music. And I've not mentioned the French genius, Debussy, whose nature-music is first cousin to the woodland paintings of his world-famous countryman, Corot. Our own beloved Edward MacDowell was a worshiper of God's out-of-doors, and his music is full of the poetry of flowers and forest. But of all composers who were inspired by spring and Maytime, there is one who caught their every mood, in sunshine or shadow, as no other composer has done. His name is Robert Schumann.

Here is a composer whose heart was brimming over with love for birds and beasts, for flowers and field, and best of all, with love for boys and girls. He started out to be a lawyer but after studying for a time in Heidelberg University he

found that his heart, mind and hands were filled with music and there was no room left for the law, so fortunately for us he turned to music as a profession, and—as you know—Robert Schumann became one of the greatest of romantic composers. Here is one of his many beautiful letters written when he was twenty-two years old to his home folks:

"The (spring) weather is so delightfully balmy to-day, that the only thing I can wish for is a car made of roses, drawn by an army of butterflies, harnessed with gold and silver threads, and flying with it towards home. . . . Tell all this (to each other) and a great deal more besides. Fly away then, winged messengers, and soon return with one word of love from mother, brothers and sisters. From your Robert."

No musician has written so often and so poetically of spring, of May flowers and of nature as has Schumann. Many of you have played his "Happy Farmer," and some of you know his "Flower Pieces." Now you must hear his "Spring" symphony, written for the largest of all instruments—the Symphony Orchestra—and composed in the hours of his highest happiness. It is the true spirit of May turned into golden melody and jeweled harmonies. This symphony (No. 1 in B Flat Major) can also be heard from phonograph records and those of you who can not hear it in the concert hall should get the records.

And then Schumann's songs!

How can I make my immense "family" of boys and girls know how beautiful they are? Perhaps their names will help me to tell you. Here are some of the names of Schumann's songs of springtime and May: "In the wondrously beautiful month of May," "The Rose, the Lily, the Love and the Sun," "Thou Art Like Unto a Lovely Flower," "Spring Night," and oh, no many other master songs about this most beautiful season of the year.

I have told you not even the half of all that music has sung about but when you have read what I have written you will have a good start and thereafter will always be

Outdoor Health

now brought into the *Playroom*

Vita Glass, an astonishing new window glass, transmits the ultra-violet rays of sunlight and nurtures growing little bodies with nature's most effective tonic

Mothers with ailing babies . . . mothers with sickly children . . . mothers whose children don't get enough healthful sunshine.

It is to *you* mothers that Vita Glass is a great boon . . . means of giving your little ones all the sunlight their bodies so badly need.

You know Vita Glass . . . how it transmits indoors the vital health rays of sunlight. The rays so necessary to health. Read what this mother says—actual proof of its benefits.

"A seven-months premature baby boy weighing five pounds arrived in our home November 24, 1926. We then had before us the problem of developing this tiny one into a strong, healthy baby. At the doctor's advice we brought the baby to his office every day for violet ray treatments. This proved successful, but the cost of these treatments was a little beyond our reach. Therefore, our physician suggested that we have a Vita Glass window pane installed in the home. He assured us of its value to the baby. We therefore had Vita Glass installed in the home, and through its accomplishments our baby now eleven months of age weighs 29 pounds and is the healthiest, happiest baby of the neighborhood."

—408 East 83d St., New York City, Nov. 2, 1927.

Another mother writes in to tell us that . . . "Our experience with the glass . . . has been entirely satisfactory. We have used the windows so installed in giving our child sun baths, with apparently very beneficial results."

—61 Broadway, New York City.

And so it goes. Our files are filled with such letters. Every one strong testimony of the worth of Vita Glass. You should learn about this glass yourself . . . for your babies.

Vita Glass in playroom

Put Vita Glass in your children's playroom, in the nursery or sun-room. Let them don



health suits or bathing suits . . . let them expose their little bodies. The ultra-violet rays will build stronger muscles and bones . . . enrich the blood . . . build up greater resistance to disease.

Vitaglazed windows assist in the prevention and hasten the cure of rickets, tuberculosis, colds and pneumonia. They destroy bacteria. They are a means to give your children sturdy bodies and glowing skin.

With Vitaglazed windows children do not have to sit directly in the sunlight to receive its benefits. The vital rays permeate the room and reach them wherever they may be playing.

Vita Glass is clear window glass . . . no different in appearance from the glass you now use. It is easily and quickly installed.

Nothing to do but have the old panes removed and replace with Vita Glass.

Let us send you all the facts. We want you to read the complete story. Fill in the coupon below and forward, and we will send you full information. Do this today. The Vita Glass Corporation, Dept. A-4, 50 East 42d Street, New York.

Vitaglass Corporation, Dept. B-5
50 E. 42d St., New York

Gentlemen: Please send me the facts about Vita Glass. I am particularly interested in Vita Glass for the home.

Name _____

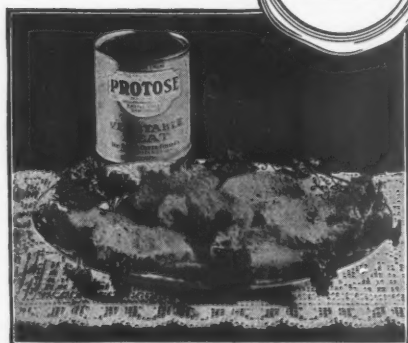
Street _____

City _____ State _____

VITA GLASS



Every housewife
will welcome this
new economical,
healthful food.



PROTOSE

—[Vegetable Meat]—

THE BATTLE CREEK FOOD CO., Battle Creek, Mich.
Department A-5

Get a New Lease of life

THE greatest contribution to abounding vitality and health is inner cleanliness. Next is a full quota of vitamins, food iron and lime.

One of the most interesting discoveries in modern times is a *vegetable* meat. Protose by name. Not only does it look like meat, taste like meat and have the aroma, composition and fibre of meat, but Protose can be served in any way meat is served. Hot or cold. Roasted, broiled, stewed or sliced as it comes from the can. Try it in salads and sandwiches!

Protose abounds in healthful protein. With six times as much food iron as beef steak, it is wonderful for growing children. In cases of anemia it is extremely beneficial. Its essential vitamins tone up the system.

Every housewife will welcome this new economical, healthful food. It simplifies cooking. There is no waste. It is all food. Order a can today from your local Health Food Center. It carries the complete line of Battle Creek Sanitarium Health Foods, used with such success at the Battle Creek Sanitarium and similar institutions.

Write today for a copy of "Healthful Living," which describes with recipes the delicious, beneficial foods used in the Battle Creek Diet System. Sent free upon request.

looking for the spirit of May in the music of other composers.

And if you look and listen, you'll find—as Robert Schumann found—the music of Maytime right in your own thoughts and acts, for don't forget that the Grecian lyre was made and played (so the story says) by a baby-god, who *looked* at a lumbering turtle, and *listened* to the voices of springtime, and then and there, *he invented the harp and set free the Muse of May*.

"M" is surely a capital letter—it stands for Music and Maytime, yes, and for Mercury too, the little rogue. Just look at your thermometer and see if you can find him, for he's in there—or at least his namesake is.



TITIAN VECELLI'S FIRST PICTURE

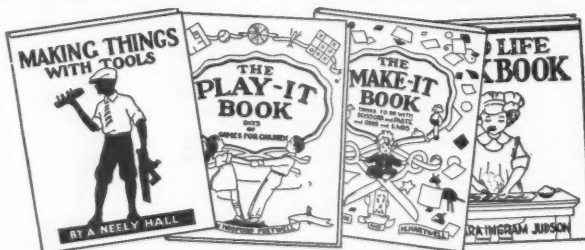
[Continued from page 272]

gently. So standing there in the gathering dusk on that rough hilltop, it was arranged that he should go.

It was a moonlight night when little Titian Vecelli first saw Venice and that was another wish come true. The towers and the domes and the gliding gondolas were flooded with the light that only an Italian moon can give and the nobles and the ladies were there, and the deep chiming bells, and beyond it all the wide lagoon—and beyond that the wider sea. It was all as he had hoped it would be.

"Here I shall always live," he whispered to himself, and Signor Rostelli, who had come with him to his new life, watched it all with the same air of satisfaction.

The soft tints of the picture on the cottage wall have long faded and gone as completely as the armful of flowers the dreaming boy gathered so many, many years ago, but to this day in Venice, in its old carved palaces and in its stately churches, stand the great works that Titian painted when he grew to be a man—glowing, strong and powerful works, that will never die. And Venice still stands, with its domes and its bells, and remembers Titian forever.



Fascinating new Activities Books

THERE has never been anything quite like these books before. Every boy and girl will have unlimited hours of happiness through their use.

THE MAKE-IT BOOK tells boys and girls how to make all sorts of surprising and interesting things with scissors and paste and odds and ends.

MAKING THINGS WITH TOOLS is an entirely different Handicraft Book showing things to make and how to make them.

CHILD LIFE COOK BOOK is full of tempting dishes that are fun and easy to make.

THE PLAY-IT BOOK describes most minutely games for indoors and outdoors which will keep children busy and happy. The many large attractive illustrations are an outstanding feature.

For sale at all bookstores or sent direct for \$1.00 each, plus 7c postage for every book ordered.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, Publishers
536 S. Clark Street CHICAGO

WILD ANIMAL CONTEST



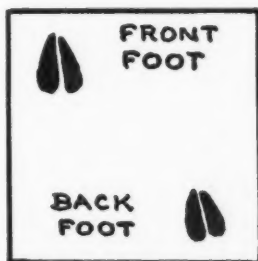
PUMA



WOLF



BEAR



DEER

Footprints of animals described in January, February, March and April CHILD LIFE. See page 293 for contest rules.



A QUEER CREATURE

ARTHUR KRAMER

MAYBE sooner, maybe later,
You will meet an alligator.
If he yawns widely you can't fail
To see the inside of his tail.

GARMENTS

The PERFECT UNDERWEAR for CHILDREN

Infants' Shirts, Bands, Binders, Panty Waists,
Children's Union Suits, Waist Union Suits,
Vests, Bloomers and Combinations,
Sleeping Garments.

Mothers—

THERE'S comfort and style for the youngsters . . . value and economy for you . . . in Minneapolis "M" Garments. Fabrics of fine quality, workmanship of unusual excellence, correct sizes, fit that neither washes out nor wears out.

The new Spring and Summer styles are delightful . . . so chic, so comfortable, so cool, so happily appropriate as a foundation for the current summer styles in children's dress. As millions of mothers already know, the Minneapolis "M" trademark is the safe guide in buying children's underwear and sleeping garments. Look for it at your Dry Goods store.

Minneapolis Knitting Works
Minneapolis, Minn.

For Your Protection



This is the CHILD LIFE Approval Seal. Watch for it in 1928 on products which you purchase especially for the *Education, Health, Well-being and Entertainment of your children.*

Every product advertised in this issue has the approval of CHILD LIFE and the endorsement of the publishers, Rand McNally & Company.

Book-Elf is Invited to a Strange Gathering and



Meets People from Fable and Fairyland

BOOK-ELF had just awakened from his dream about the people in the Bible Story Books, Old and New Testament Stories. He was still sleepy and looked in surprise at a note tucked in his belt. Opening it he read: "Dear Book-Elf: We need your help. Cinderella has lost her slipper again. Today is her birthday and Prince Charming is having a Birthday Ball for her at the palace tonight, but she can't go unless her slipper is found. Several of her friends in Fable and Fairyland are helping too, and we will all meet at sun-down at the big twisted tree at the edge of the forest. Red Riding Hood."

Book-Elf was delighted at the thought of meeting the famous characters in *AESOP FOR CHILDREN* and *ONCE UPON A TIME*. He thought the slipper might be near the lily-pond and so started down the path. A few feet in front of him a huge lion was lashing his tail and roaring loudly. "What is the trouble?" asked Book-Elf. "Plenty of trouble" roared the lion, "today is Cinderella's birthday and she has lost her slipper again and can't go to the Birthday Ball unless it is found." "I know" said Book-Elf, "do you think it could be at the lily pond?" "No," roared the lion, "I've been down there. Try the gardens on the hillside". Book-Elf



thanked the lion and started on his way. Toward the edge of the forest he saw a creature, half goat, half man. "That must be a Satyr," thought Book-Elf. "Have you seen Cinderella's slipper?" he asked. "No", replied the Satyr, "but I'm looking for it."

Book-Elf continued on his way to the hillside and finally reached a lovely garden. He looked under the rose-bushes, around the honeysuckle stalks, in the pansy bed, but the slipper was not there. Then Book-Elf hurried to the lady slipper garden and after looking around for a few minutes, picked up something and put it in his pocket. He ran as fast as he could for it was sun-down. "Well, I climbed the beanstalk and looked in all the clouds, but could not find it", Jack was saying as Book-Elf arrived. "I went to Grandmother's house but it wasn't there" Red Riding Hood said. "Nor in the pasture", said the Shepherd. "Oh, dear", Cinderella said sorrowfully, "then I can't go to the Ball". "Yes you can", Book-Elf called, "I found your slipper in the lady slipper garden. Here it is". Cinderella thanked him sweetly as she took the dainty glass slipper, then said good-bye to everybody and hurried away to get ready for her Birthday Ball.

(To be continued)



Book-Elf, Rand McNally's Bookshelf Dept. M-17
536 South Clark Street, Chicago

Dear Book-Elf:

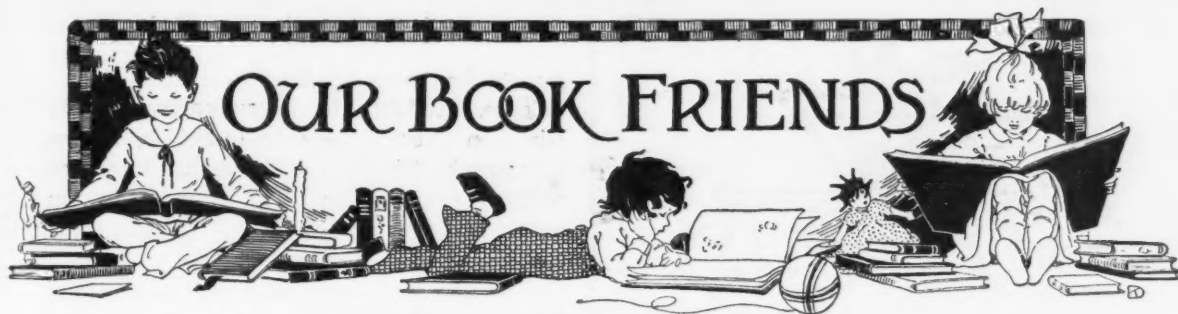
☐ I want to know more about the people and animals in Storyland. Please send me postpaid a copy of your booklet, "Books for Boys and Girls and Guide for Selection."

☐ Help me to select books for the boys and girls whose names and ages I am sending herewith.

Name

Street

City and State



By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library.
Present Librarian, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
And nestlings fly:
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And they sit outside at "The Travelers' Rest,"
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,
And citizens dream of the south and west,
And so do I.

THOMAS HARDY.

IF YOU have a gypsy spirit, then you like the spring and the mystery which comes with it. Everything fires your curiosity and compels exploration. It is on days like these that adventures start. An adventure may begin and be well on its way before anyone has taken any particular notice of it.

Something of the sort recently happened to me. I was not hunting for a river, nor had I any present occasion for one. The most to be said about the beginning of the affair is that Huck Finn and I had been seeing quite a little of each other. Huck, as you know, had several escapades on the Mississippi and it was better to understand the keelboat talk that I began reading *Life on the Mississippi*.

At that moment my adventure began. Mark Twain not only made alive for me the world of *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer* but he unfolded an incomparable chronicle of events about this picturesque river. It was not only *Life on the Mississippi* which I read but many other books as well. Clemens speaks of 1542, the time when De Soto first saw the Mississippi, as one of the American dates which is quite respectable for its age. What shall we say, then, of the mound builders who knew the country long before the first white man ever saw it? If you like people of great antiquity—men who were resourceful and practical without any civilized means of being so—then you will read about them in Frederick Starr's *American Indians*.

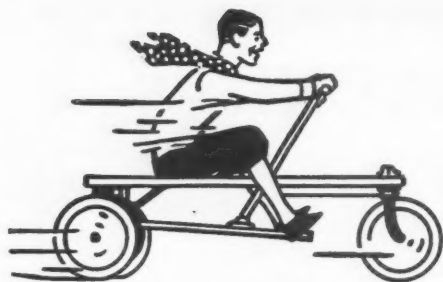
Probably no part of the world which lies behind us has greater charm than that of the Indians and the adventurous explorers of the Middle West. Though it was the cool fashion of the time for white men to enter the land of the red man and take possession of the country for the king, our

sympathies are often with the Indians whose land they invaded. In Helen Lamprey's *Days of the Discoverers*, for instance, our interest is not so much with De Soto and his followers as with the red men about whom part of the poem, "Lone Bayou," was written.

In our day we don't allow a hundred and thirty years between glimpses of a marvel. Yet that much time passed before the second white man saw the Mississippi. Joliet, the merchant, and Marquette, the priest, had been warned by the Indians that they were on a foolhardy journey, and even a fatal one. The red men said the river contained a demon "whose roar could be heard a great distance." Consequently, when a big catfish collided with Marquette's canoe, he was greatly startled and reasonably enough. How the explorers fared on the rest of the journey, and how they had the Robinson Crusoe experience of coming upon footprints after they had traveled in the wilderness for a fortnight, may be read about in *Life on the Mississippi*, in *The Boy's Parkman*, in *Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley*.

La Salle, both in his day and in our own, stands forth as a threefold personality—as a dreamer, a discoverer, and an explorer. In *Adventures in the Wilderness*, we read that La Salle was the first to see Niagara, the first to follow the Mississippi to its mouth, the first to attempt the founding of Louisiana. That famous journey of exploration, full of adventurous incidents, is very well told in a book called *With La Salle the Explorer*. No one wants to miss that other central figure among the French explorers, *The Man With the Iron Hand*. Henri de Tonty was a soldier of such surpassing strength, courage, perseverance and fidelity that even in the wilds he was more than the equal of two ordinary men who had both their hands." Another interesting tale about this friend of La Salle's is *The Story of Tonty*.

Seven sovereigns occupied the throne of England, and America became an independent nation between La Salle's opening of the Mississippi and the time when the river became the vehicle of anything like an active commerce. You will enjoy accounts of those first great barges which sometimes took nine



The New, Dashing Speedster

IF YOU want to see the happiest little boy or girl you ever laid eyes on—if you want to know the joy of watching an expression of delight that only a child can have, show him a Row-Cycle. Tell him it's his—to keep! Children love it because it has speed, action, go! It offers a splendid outlet for "pent-up" energy—and above all it is safe because it keeps the children on the sidewalk off the streets away from dangerous motor traffic.



The Row-Cycle is Sold at a Low Price

It is used by girls and boys from 4 to 14 years. Built strong and durable. Finished in a beautiful red enamel with weather-proof spar varnish. It runs at a speed that satisfies any Speed King. Thoroughbred to the core, disc wheels, balloon tires and stream lines; ball-bearings, perfect mechanism throughout, it is made for wear, hard knocks, bumps, bangs and jams. And still it goes—smooth, silent, swift like an airplane in the sky.

But observing parents recognize in the Row-Cycle Exerciser something more than a mere toy to keep the child occupied. Every little muscle is brought into play—all working together perfectly. There's no overdevelopment of a single part of the body by the Row-Cycle—that was carefully guarded against. It teaches the child to use his arms, legs, shoulders, back and spine all at one time, all in relation to each other. Give your boy or girl a Row-Cycle Exerciser—it will repay you the small cost many times over in their health and happiness.

Highly Endorsed by Child Specialists

Mail This Coupon Today!

THE MERREMAKER CORPORATION Minneapolis, Minnesota	
218 Cecil Street	
Please send me full illustrated description of the Row-Cycle Exerciser and your new low price—also dealer's name.	
Name	
Address	
City	State.....C.L.-5-28

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

months for the voyage down to and back from New Orleans. Audubon, the famous naturalist, took the trip from New Orleans to Louisville, and spent four months doing it. Audubon had the experience of being propelled upstream by poles, by animal power, and by "bush-whacking" (pulling on ropes tied to bushes on the banks). We are glad to be able to read in some of the books about Audubon, *Stories of Great Americans and Makers of Our History*, another story, that of Robert Fulton who invented the steamboat and revolutionized river travel.

It is interesting to discover, in *Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years*, that as a youth Lincoln made that famous flatboat journey down the great river. This trip helped to fill him with the horror of slavery, some incidents of which he witnessed. In *The Last of the Flatboats* we have the adventures of five boys who took a broadhorn laden with freight down the Mississippi during a great flood. It was while Samuel Clemens was experiencing the perplexing lessons incident to becoming a pilot, narrated in *Life on the Mississippi*, that he acquired the pen name so much used in after years. "Twain" was the river term for two fathoms.

No account of the Mississippi would be complete unless we mentioned the levees and the work done by engineers to prevent the cutting of the river. That a flood of the Mississippi may bring disaster to one community after another is too fresh in our memories to need comment. How engineers battle against the river forces in an attempt to hold old levees is told about in *Uncle Sam's Modern Miracles* and in *Pick, Shovel and Pluck*.

Gone to-day are the steamers whose progress up and down the river held the chief interest of the people. Gone is much of the romance and adventure of those days. Yet the Mississippi lives for us as part of the world that is behind us, as part of the world to-day, as part of the world of our dreams. It is with great happiness that I include with books of this region Cornelia Meigs' new story, *As the Crow Flies*. The book is a vigorous account of Zebulon Pike's dangerous voyage to the headwaters of the Mississippi and it will bring you just as lasting pleasure as has Miss Meigs' book, *The New Moon*. Since *The New Moon* is also a Mississippi Valley story and expresses much that was fine in the pioneer attitude, I close with Thomas Garrity's words to his young friend, Dick Martin.

"You must not forget that the first men in a new country are making history and the eyes of their own time and of future days are on them. You have to go forward alone, but the world is watching you, that overcrowded world back beyond the mountains, beyond the sea, where there is no longer

quite enough room or quite enough human kindness for all."

THE MISSISSIPPI

- Adventures in the Wilderness** - - - - -
Compiled by *Clark Wissler, C. L. Skinner, William Wood*
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, NEW HAVEN
- Adventures of Huckleberry Finn** *Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain)*
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
- American Indians** - - - - - *Frederick Starr*
D. C. HEATH & COMPANY, BOSTON
- As the Crow Flies** - - - - - *Cornelia Meigs*
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Boy's Catlin** - - - - - *George Catlin*
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
- Boy's Life of Mark Twain** - - - - - *Albert B. Paine*
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
- Boy's Parkman** - - - - - *Francis Parkman*
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON
- The Crisis** - - - - - *Winston Churchill*
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Days of the Discoverers** - - - - - *Louise Lamprey*
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Great Rivers of the World** - - - - - *Wilson S. Dakin*
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Indian History for Young Folks** - - - - - *Francis S. Drake*
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
- International Atlas of the World** - - - - -
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Last of the Flatboats** - - - - - *George Cary Eggleston*
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY, BOSTON
- Life on the Mississippi** - - - *Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain)*
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
- Long Knives** - - - - - *George Cary Eggleston*
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY, BOSTON
- Makers of Our History** - - - - - *John T. Faris*
GINN & COMPANY, BOSTON
- Main Travelled Roads** - - - - - *Hamlin Garland*
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
- Man With the Iron Hand** - - - - - *John C. Parish*
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
- Map of America's Making** - - - - - *Paul M. Paine*
R. R. BOWKER & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- New Moon** - - - - - *Cornelia Meigs*
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Pick, Shovel and Pluck** - - - - - *Alexander R. Bond*
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Song of Hiawatha** - - - - - *Henry W. Longfellow*
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
- Stories of Great Americans** - - - - - *Edward Eggleston*
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Story of Tonty** - - - - - *Mary H. Catherwood*
A. C. McCLURG & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Treasure Finders** - - - - - *Oliver Clay*
DUFFIELD & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Uncle Sam's Modern Miracles** - - - - - *William A. DuPuy*
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK
- With La Salle the Explorer** - - - - - *Virginia C. Watson*
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Young Folks' Book of Discovery** - - - - - *T. C. Bridges*
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, NEW YORK



SPRING BOOKS

The Begging Deer

By Dorothy Rowe. \$2.00.

Stories about Japan by the author of the Moon's Birthday. Eight colored illustrations and many in black and white.

Jupie Follows His Tale

By Neely McCoy. \$1.75.

More about the Good Cat Jupie and his little friend Jean. How they make a garden, go fishing, get lost in the woods and do spring cleaning together.

The Story of Saint Christopher

John Ainsworth. \$1.50.

The account of Christopher's many adventures and how he finally becomes a Christian and a saint. With its many pictures this book will interest readers from 8 to 10.

The Story of Reynard the Fox

The Children's Classics. \$1.75.

An amusing account of the life and adventures of a famous French fox with many pictures that were used in the French edition.

East of the Sun and West of the Moon

The Children's Classics. \$1.75.

Legends from Scandinavia with many illustrations in color and black and white by Hedvig Collin, a Danish artist.

Thumbelina

Hans Christian Andersen.

The Little Library. \$1.00.

A favorite tale of a tiny little girl. New pictures made by Einar Nerman for The Little Library.

Also published this spring for older boys and girls: J. T., The Biography of an African Monkey by Delia J. Akeley; Dr. Pete of the Sierras by Mary M. Davis; Tod of the Fens by Elinor Whitney and The Life of Alexander Hamilton by Howard Hicks.

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*A beautiful bronze "Health Club" Pin
If you brush your teeth
every day with Colgate's*

THAT pin will seem bigger than you—the first day you wear it. No wonder you're proud—it means a lot!

It means you've brushed your teeth twice a day for three months without missing more than ten brushings. Quite a record!

It means you kept the Colgate chart—checking it when you had finished brushing your teeth. Then at the end of three months, Mother and your dentist signed the chart and you sent it in to Colgate & Company. And they sent you right back a Health Club Pin—FREE—and made you a member of the Colgate Health Club!

You children who have not started to win the pin and membership in the Colgate Health Club—cut out the big coupon—and send it in right away. Then you will get, FREE, a red and green Colgate Chart to hang up on the bathroom wall, and a little tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, to start you toward a bronze Health Club Pin.

And—if you do not miss brushing your teeth a single time—you're made an Honor Roll member of the Health Club—think of that!



Be one of the first in your neighborhood to earn a beautiful bronze Health Club Pin, and surprise your friends up-and-down the street.

Cut the coupon . . . Cut the coupon . . . Cut the coupon

Colgate & Company, Dept. 217-E, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York
Gentlemen: Please send me, free, Colgate Clean Teeth Chart
and trial size tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....



LITTLE GRANDMA'S Turquoise Ring

(Continued from page 278)

arbor with a plate covered with a blue and white napkin. When she raised the napkin there were two fat gingerbread boys with currant eyes and raisin buttons.

"This is a part of the prize," she said. "The other part is a story which I am going to tell you."

"I know. I know. It's about the gingerbread boy," shouted Sally Lou.

"No, the story is not about the gingerbread boy. It is a really, truly story about me and my turquoise ring when I was a little girl."

"Oh, Grandma, that will be so nice!" said Betty, snuggling against her with a satisfied sigh.

"Well, once upon a time when I was a little girl, I wanted a ring more than anything else in the whole wide world—a ring with a blue set in it. And my mother, who was very good and kind, did not believe in jewelry for little girls. She thought that rings were a sign of vanity, and that the best jewels to adorn a little girl were meekness of spirit and goodness and kindness. So whenever I begged she said, 'Wait until you are a little older.' Finally, when I was ten years old, I wanted a ring so badly, and talked about it so much, that Mother agreed that if I would save my money (I was a great spendthrift), I might buy the ring myself. She said I must be sure and tithe, which, girls, is giving a tenth to charity.

Well, I saved and saved, or at least I tried to. But I earned very little money, and had such a sweet tooth that most of my pennies went for candy. So when I had saved for more than a year, I had less than two dollars in my bank. Father wanted me to have the ring, and had been more than kind about finding things which I could do to make money, but, as I say, I was a sad spendthrift."

"Poor little Grandma, I feel so sorry for you when you were a little girl. I am sure it was only because you were always giving to somebody else, just as you are now," said Sally Lou loyally.

"Well," continued Grandma, "that spring some-

thing happened by which I hoped to make more money towards my ring. Mother was a famous cook, and her quilts and knitting were known all over the country. Each year she exhibited at the County Fair, and won ever so many prizes. She was always very anxious to see the catalog which gave the list of prizes for the coming Fair. This spring when the catalog came, Mother said to me, 'Sarah, you have been a diligent child, and sewed faithfully at your patchwork. Your third quilt is now finished, and I see by the catalog that a prize is offered for the best dressed doll by a girl twelve years of age or under. How would you like to try for this prize, and have that for your work this summer instead of sewing or knitting?'

"Happy? You can never guess how pleased I was.

"I had a new rag doll, Belinda, which had been given to me the past Christmas. Mother went to town and bought the finest cambric for underwear, and lovely pink dimity for a dress and bonnet. I had to sew two hours each day, and I wish I could tell you how happy it made me to be able to sew on the lovely doll clothes. I hemstitched ruffles and made tatting for the little undergarments. I hemmed many ruffles by hand for the dimity dress. I even knitted stockings and mittens. Mother bought a pink sash, and ribbons for the ruffled bonnet. I felt so proud and happy. The first prize at the Fair was two dollars, and while I had enjoyed dressing the doll, with no thought of a reward, still I wished, oh, how I wished, that I might win the two dollars to help buy my ring.

"I was especially anxious about the ring, for early in the summer, as I was passing the little jewelry shop, I saw in the window just such a ring as I had always wanted. I priced it, and the cost was four dollars. I remember that I looked at it for a long time, and then ran home and hid behind a clump of willows and cried. I did want that ring with the five tiny forget-me-nots set with turquoise, all in a tiny row about the gold.

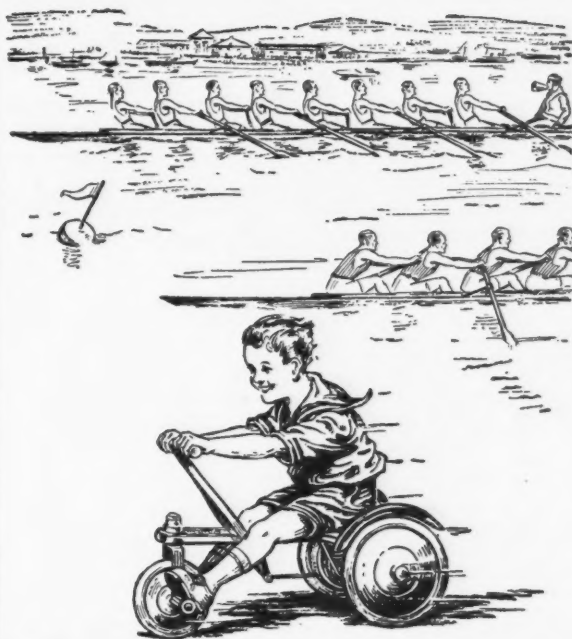
Well, the day of the Fair finally came, and Mother took a log-cabin quilt, and a rising-sun quilt, and another made of hundreds of tiny grey and pink and white pieces. She also took knitting and salt-rising bread, besides pound cake and quince honey. And I took Belinda. She was beautiful to me.

"But, alas, and alackaday, as they say in story books. I was not the only little girl who had dressed a doll. There were dozens, it seemed to me, and the first prize went to a gorgeous creature of wax and golden hair, who wore a light blue taffeta."

At this point Sally Lou and Betty Sue were almost in tears, and said over and over again, "Dear, dear Grandma, if we had been the judges we would have given Belinda the prize. Honest and truly!"

"Well, that's nice," said Grandma smiling. "The second prize went to a baby doll all in long white clothes, and Belinda won third. There was no money prize for that, only a bit of bright red ribbon, which I still have tucked away among my treasures.

[Continued on page 312]



Be a Husky

SPEED along the sidewalk just like the varsity crew skims through the water. Build up the muscles in your shoulders and back so you'll stand up straight and be a real "Husky."

The Row Flivver

Will be more fun than anything you ever had. It's one of the famous Flivver Family that has brought joy to girls and boys all over the country for many years. Ask your mother if you can join the Flivver Crew and be sure it's a *Row Flivver*.

To Mothers: Eminent doctors everywhere strongly indorse the rowing exercise of the Row Flivver. Children get plenty of leg exercise through their ordinary games and play, but nothing will build up their arm, shoulder and back muscles and make them stand up straight and true like a Row Flivver. It's a sturdy, well-constructed plaything with motor-type disc wheels, rubber tires and painted brilliant red with yellow trimmings. Equipped with tempered roller bearings and silent roller chain drive. It will last a long time and give never-ending joy.

ASK your dealer for a Row Flivver or send direct to the Factory and one will be sent you by express or parcel post prepaid upon receipt of the special price of \$7.90. Enclose the coupon below with your check or money order.



AUTOMATIC CRADLE MFG., CO.,
Dept. 10, Stevens Point, Wis.

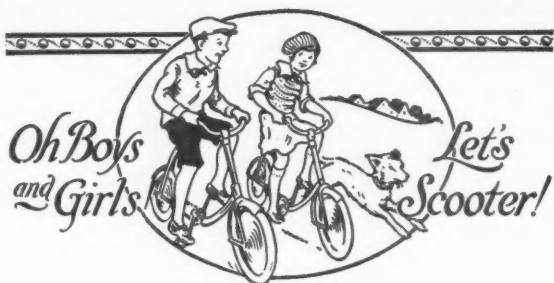
Send me transportation charges prepaid, one of your Row Flivvers. Enclosed please find my remittance for \$7.90 in full payment.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....

State.....



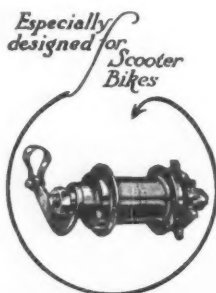
OH, boys and girls, my SCOOTER BIKE
Is just the *best* of fun!
I ride on it most everywhere
In open air and sun.
It has the ENDEE COASTER BRAKE—
That's where the secret lies
Of safety fun for boys and girls,
With healthy exercise.

IT is not often that a child's toy is at once that which the child wants and enjoys, and also that which the parent considers is really best for the child.

The Scooter Bike, or sidewalk vehicle, is, when equipped with this splendid little ENDEE Coaster Brake, a means of unlimited fun and healthful exercise—and safe fun, too.

The ENDEE Coaster Brake is so simple to operate, that the child instinctively applies the brake when needed. It is strong and sure in action—in fact it is the identical brake now used with much success and popularity in the present day bicycles, both juvenile and adult.

Be sure that the Scooter Bike you buy is equipped with the ENDEE Coaster Brake. It is supplied on all makes upon request. May we send you a descriptive booklet, also a little puzzle novelty for the children?



New Departure
ENDEE
Coaster Brake
BRISTOL CONN.

1291

Adapted and reprinted by permission of John Murfin's Book, the magazine for young people



CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[Continued from page 280]

then make the pudding all by yourself. You can readily do it if you work thoughtfully.

While you are consulting a grown-up about supplies, see about opening the can of pears. If you have done such a job before, you will know just how to go about it. If not, you had better do it while someone is in the room to advise or help. The can may be opened some hours before the pears are used, if you like, and the fruit poured into a covered dish and kept in a cool place till you are ready to cook.

For utensils, you will need a shallow baking dish, preferably of glass; a small bread board and rolling pin for preparing the crumbs and a sauce pan in which to make the sauce.

Now we are ready for the real work.

BAKED PEAR PUDDING

Drain the pears from one can of fresh fruit.

Roll enough bread, crackers or cornflakes to make one cupful of crumbs.

Toss the halves of pears gently in the crumbs, covering each half completely.

Arrange the halves in the baking dish, center side up.

Divide 1 tablespoonful butter into bits and drop one bit into each half of pear.

Bake until the crumbs are browned. Use an oven of 400 degrees and bake about 15 minutes.

While the pears are baking, make a sauce.

In the sauce pan melt 1 tablespoonful of butter and cook gently with 1 tablespoonful of flour.

Add, stirring gradually, the juice strained from the pears. (There should be about one cupful.)

Cook till well blended and then stir in 3 tablespoonfuls of preserved ginger cut fine.

Serve the pudding at the table, piping hot, pouring the sauce from a server onto each portion as it is served.

There are several pleasant ways of varying this pudding and you will want to try them all. You can use raisins or nuts instead of the ginger and make quite a different sauce. You can tint the sauce a dainty pink or green (using vegetable coloring) to match the color scheme of your meal. You can add a half cupful of conserve or jelly and get a still different flavor. Or you can use peaches or pineapple instead of pears. Then it won't even be a pear pudding, it will be so very different! Of course in summer, you will use fresh pears, cooking them tender before you roll them in the crumbs. A good cook, you know, must be something of a magician and have many changes up her sleeve, if her meals are to be interesting.

Pear pudding would be delicious in a menu like this:

SATURDAY LUNCHEON

Cream of Spinach Soup	Fresh Radishes
Baked Eggs	Brown Bread
Cocoa with Marshmallows	Jelly
Baked Pear Pudding with Ginger Sauce	

OUR WORKSHOP

(Continued from page 292)

If you have a chum who is a hustler, ask him to become your partner in this enterprise.

Your material for garden sticks need cost little or nothing. Box boards are of the right thickness, and you can get some at the grocery. Suitable strips can sometimes be obtained from the waste pile at a sash-and-door mill or carpenter's shop. Lath and lattice strips are nice to work with but they cost money. The only tool required for most of the sticks is a coping saw which you own, no doubt. You must have No. 0 sandpaper for smoothing surfaces ready for paint. By paint, I mean oil paint, enamel paint or lacquer. That you must buy, of course, but each garden stick will require very little, so the cost will be small. Lacquer is best because it dries rapidly. It is hard to lacquer over large surfaces where one brush stroke laps over another, but the garden sticks are so small that you will not have this trouble. You can buy lacquer, in small cans at the paint store. In the diagrams I have shown several designs, and you can easily work out others yourself. A plain one with its bottom trimmed to almost a point, its top rounded, is simplest.

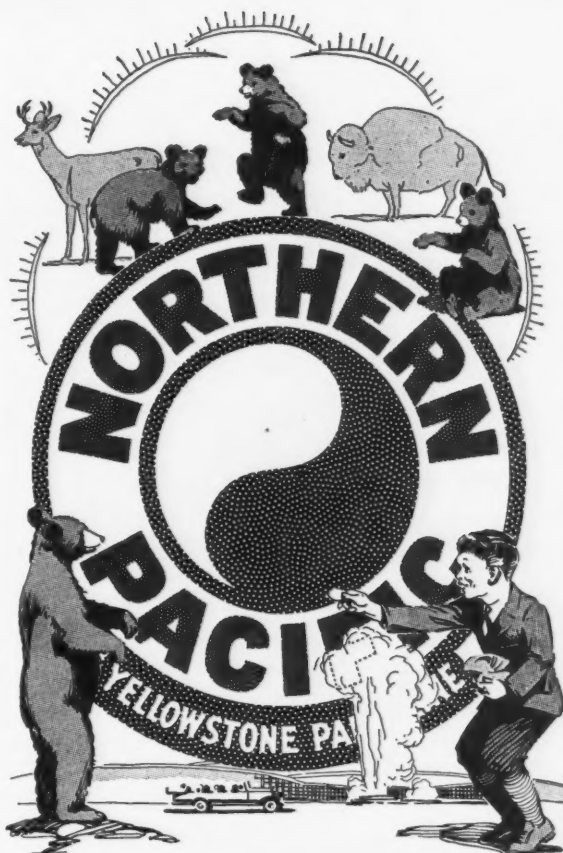
Lay out one stick by the diagram of Fig. 1, cut it out, and use it for a pattern for marking other sticks. While this stick is plain, it may be made pretty by painting it bright red, green, or yellow.

Next to the plain stick comes flower sticks, three of which are shown in Figs. 2 to 4, and vegetable sticks, three of which are shown in Figs. 5 to 7. As you will see, the tops of these sticks are cut in the shape of flowers and vegetables. You can make your own patterns from pictures in seed catalogs and on seed packages which will show colors, too. Make a tracing of each flower and vegetable, then transfer the tracings upon cardboard, and cut out along the outlines. You will then have a set of patterns to mark around upon your woodworking material. Make the straight portion of the sticks of the width shown in Fig. 1. The lengths may be varied. Draw a pair of parallel lines down the center of each flower stick to indicate the stem. You *can* cut designs out of separate blocks and tack them to sticks. That will be easier.

When the sticks have been cut, smooth them with sandpaper. In finishing, give the designs two coats of the body color, then add the markings with a second color. The stems will be green.

Bird sticks are always popular. Figure 8 shows a bluebird stick, and Fig. 9 is a full-size pattern. It is shown mounted upon a dowel stick $\frac{3}{8}$ inch in diameter. A hole of this size was bored in the bird block, and the stick was driven into the hole. If you haven't a bit and bit-brace with which to bore the hole, nail the bird block to the front of the stick.

In painting the bluebird, make the head, wings and tail blue, the breast red, the lower part of the body white and the legs yellow. Outline the feathers and eyes with white. Paint the stick, too.



Yellowstone Park —The Biggest "Circus" You Ever Saw!

Miles and miles and *miles* of wonders! Real wild animals roaming around. The bears are so friendly they stand up and beg for candy! They may hold up the bus you are in! Here you can see deer, elk, buffalo, beaver and moose.

Lots of surprises, too! A pool that will wash your handkerchief for you. A geyser that spouts water higher than a house!

Ask your parents to take you through Yellowstone Park. They will like it, too. It costs only \$45 the Lodge way, \$54 the hotel way—all expenses. We'll send you a free book about Yellowstone National Park if you'll mail the coupon.

Northern Pacific Ry.

E. E. Nelson, Passenger Traffic Manager
641 Northern Pacific Building, Saint Paul, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Nelson: Please send me a booklet
about Yellowstone Park.



Name

Address

City

State

Are you and your folks thinking of going to
Yellowstone this summer? Yes ☐ No ☐
47 Check (✓)



THE "SPOR-TIE"

A popular Keds model; mixed basket weave design with olive trimming and corrugated sole to match

Shoes like the paws of a boy's best pal

Can you run faster than your dog? Can you jump as high as a dog half your size?

Examine your dog's paws some day! They are soft and springy. That's one of the reasons why he is so agile. Keds special models for boys and girls give your feet much of the springiness of a dog's paws.

Keds soles are tough and springy. They grip surely, preventing slipping and sliding. Keds uppers are light yet strong to protect your ankles and foot muscles against sudden twists and sprains. And the special Feltex innersole keeps your feet cool and comfortable.

There are Keds for nearly every sport, indoors and outdoors. Ask for them by name and be sure that the name "Keds" is on the shoes. That is your guarantee of getting the best dollar for dollar value in canvas rubber soled shoes.

* * *

Write for our free booklet containing all kinds of information on games, sports, camping, vacation suggestions and dozens of other interesting subjects. Dept. K-109, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



They are *not* Keds unless
the name Keds is on the shoe

THE HIDE-AND-SEEK HOUSE

(Continued from page 288)

or somewhere, like a fairy."

Suddenly Billy stopped and gave a shout.

"What's this tipped over in the bushes?" he called, peering at something that had been washed up and left there by the high water. It looked like a big packing box, but it had some boards nailed to the top and there was a crumpled piece of oilcloth clinging to the sides.

"It's the Hide-and-Seek House," cried the boy joyfully, "and I don't believe it is hurt a bit, either."

Grandpa took hold of the box and lifted it a little way. Something underneath said, "Woof!" in a startled voice. This was where Snowflake had hidden himself so quickly. Klink made a dive at him and got hold of one leg, but Grandpa had to help or the pig would have wriggled away again.

They had brought along that little crate with the slats over the front and Snowflake was soon inside.

"There," said Billy, "next thing you know, Snowflake, you'll be at home in your nice new pen. You've been a tramp long enough."

They put the crate with the pig into the cart and then they loaded on the Hide-and-Seek House which, with some repairing, would be as good as ever. As they drove home the boys kept an eye out for other things that might have come down river. The bushes near the river bank were full of boxes, barrels, and other interesting things.

"Here's a henhouse," cried Billy, pointing to a small building that stood rightside up in a clump of willows. "Can't we take that home too and have it to set up alongside the Hide-and-Seek House? It hasn't any door but we could make one."

Before Grandpa could turn to look at the little building, Captain Kid came whistling down the road.

"Hello," he cried. "You found my grocery store!"

"Grocery store?" repeated Klink who had crept inside the little building and sat looking out. "We thought it was a henhouse."

"No such thing," retorted Captain Kid. "I built it myself and had a lot of fun with it a couple of years ago, selling gingerbread and things to boating parties that came down river. I'm too long to fit into it now. You fellows can have it and can set it up beside that packing-box house of yours."

By afternoon the Hide-and-Seek House was set up on the river bank in a high place where there was no danger of its ever being carried off by a flood. Beside it there was a neat little store with a counter across the front, over which Klink and Billy were already selling cookies and molasses candy "made by Grandma."

Uncle Nat on his raft was the first customer, but the boys would not let him pay for what he took.

"It's a real store," said Billy gravely, "and we hope to do a good business, but we shall always see that our special friends can get things for nothing."

THE END

LITTLE GRANDMA'S

Turquoise Ring

(Continued from page 305)

"I was very much disappointed, and I could see that Father and Mother felt sorry, too. Father would have bought me the ring long ago, had it not been for Mother's disapproval. She wanted me to have the fun of earning it.

"While we were standing by the dolls, a lovely white-haired lady from the city came up to me. She wore a grey bonnet trimmed with violets and the most gorgeous gray furs I had ever seen. She said, 'Are you the little girl who dressed this quaint doll so beautifully? I think I have never seen lovelier stitches, nor daintier work. Had I been a judge, I am sure I would have given you the first prize. Would you by any chance care to sell the doll, so that I can take her to my little granddaughter? I would be willing to give you five dollars.'

"Five dollars! My throat was all a big lump. Five dollars seemed a big sum to a little girl in those days; it would buy the ring, and there would be money left over. But Belinda was my baby. How could I give her up? I turned inquiringly to Father. But he shook his head. 'Thank you very kindly!' he said. 'But I could not let my little daughter sell her doll.'

"Then, as the lady passed on he said, 'I could not let you sell your doll to a stranger, Sarah. But I have something I would like to do with Belinda, and I will give you five dollars for her.'

"I never thought of questioning anything Father said or did, so I gave him the doll. He let me keep her for a week, so that I might show a prize doll to my friends, and then one night she disappeared. I was so happy with my new ring, and so busy with school and play and work, that I did not miss my dolly very much. The ring! How proud I was of it!

"Well, I saw no more of my darling Belinda until Christmas, and then, what do you think? There was a big, big bundle under my stocking, and when I opened it there lay Belinda in the loveliest little cradle that father had carved for me. So now I had both the ring and Belinda.

"I kept the ring for two years, and then one summer day it disappeared. My little cousin from Vermont was visiting me; she was a tiny girl and all afternoon I had been amusing her on the lawn with my doll and toys. When I went to bed that night I discovered that my ring was gone. I have never seen it from that day to this. We hunted and hunted for days, and I wept so bitterly over the loss that Father bought me a new ring at Christmas time. Well, my story is over. Now come into the house, for I have something to show you."

The chums followed eagerly. There in the middle of the parlor was a darling hand-carved cradle, and in it lay a rag doll dressed in ruffled dimity dress and bonnet. It was Belinda! Grandma allowed them

(Continued on page 312)



THE little chap was in such a hurry to get the sack of Ceresota Flour home to his mother that he fell and broke it open. His mother had promised to bake him some delicious cookies. The little boy knows that cookies made out of Ceresota Flour are not only very, very good, but also very, very good for him. Ceresota Flour is a pure, unbleached flour milled by the Ceresota millers at Minneapolis. Your grocer sells Ceresota or he can get it quickly for you.

The Northwestern Consolidated Milling Company
Minneapolis, Minnesota

PAINTING BOOK for the KIDDIES

10c Big, beautiful—48 pages—12 colored pictures—12 painting charts—complete instructions to young artists—set of Japanese water colors—wonderfully interesting fairy story. Sent postage prepaid.

CLIP COUPON - MAIL TODAY

Here is my 10c for your beautiful painting book, "The Adventures of Ceresota" and the set of Japanese water colors.

Name.....CL.....
Town.....
R. F. D..... State.....



Ceresota Flour

JOURNEYS TO
ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 290)

said. "It is one of the most important places in the mill. Because we make underwear for tiny babies and children up to sixteen years of age, we must be sure that everybody working in this mill is in good health and that everything is in a sanitary condition," Wosilco explained as he showed them the hospital rooms in charge of a charming trained nurse. "The doctor comes for several hours every day as an added protection," the nurse told them, "and every person working here has a thorough examination twice a year." "Guess that's what Mother meant when she said that our 'M' garments were absolutely sanitary," Robert said to Ruth.

They went into the cutting department next. There were patterns of all sizes and shapes. "Doesn't it take hours and hours to cut out each suit of underwear," Ruth asked, "for it takes me almost half an hour to cut out one of dolly's dresses and they are much smaller than my 'M' garments." Wosilco laughed and said, "Look—after each piece of material is carefully inspected, the perfect pieces are piled together, the pattern placed on top, and then a dozen or more are cut at one time with an electric cutting machine." "Maybe that's why my 'M' underwear fits so well," Ruth said.

In the next room there were rows and rows of machines and hundreds of girls were busy stitching garments together. They were making all kinds of garments including the lovely Rayon silk underwear Ruth wore so proudly all spring and summer.

(Continued on page 320)

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With patterns.



HAPPY May-time brings lovely flowers and pretty frocks for tiny folk.

Ann will be queen, dressed in her fine voile dress, made with deep scalloped yolk and trimmed with rows of lace insertion.

A gay flower-sprigged batiste, with quaint square neck, is the frock Ann wears when she gathers flowers.

And oh, the joy of roller-skating, when nothing but a gingham that will not fade will do!

Pattern No. 6097—4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years

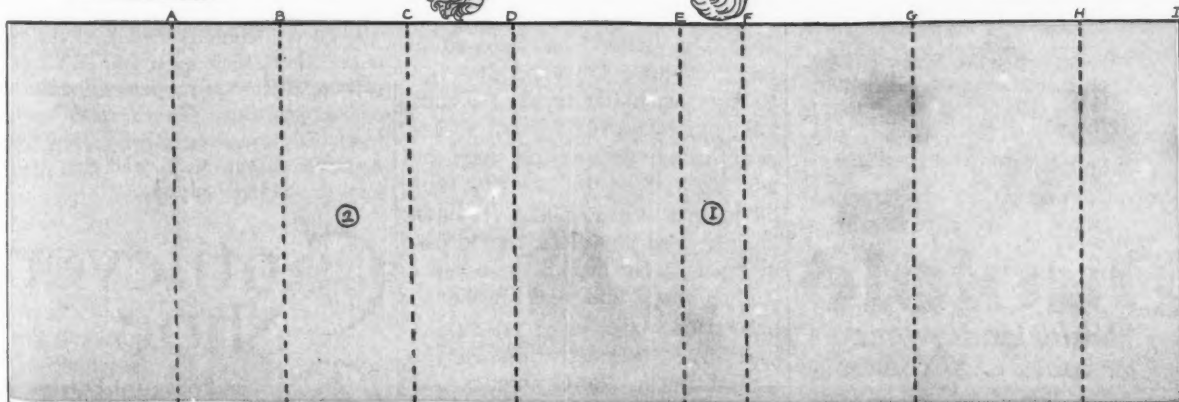
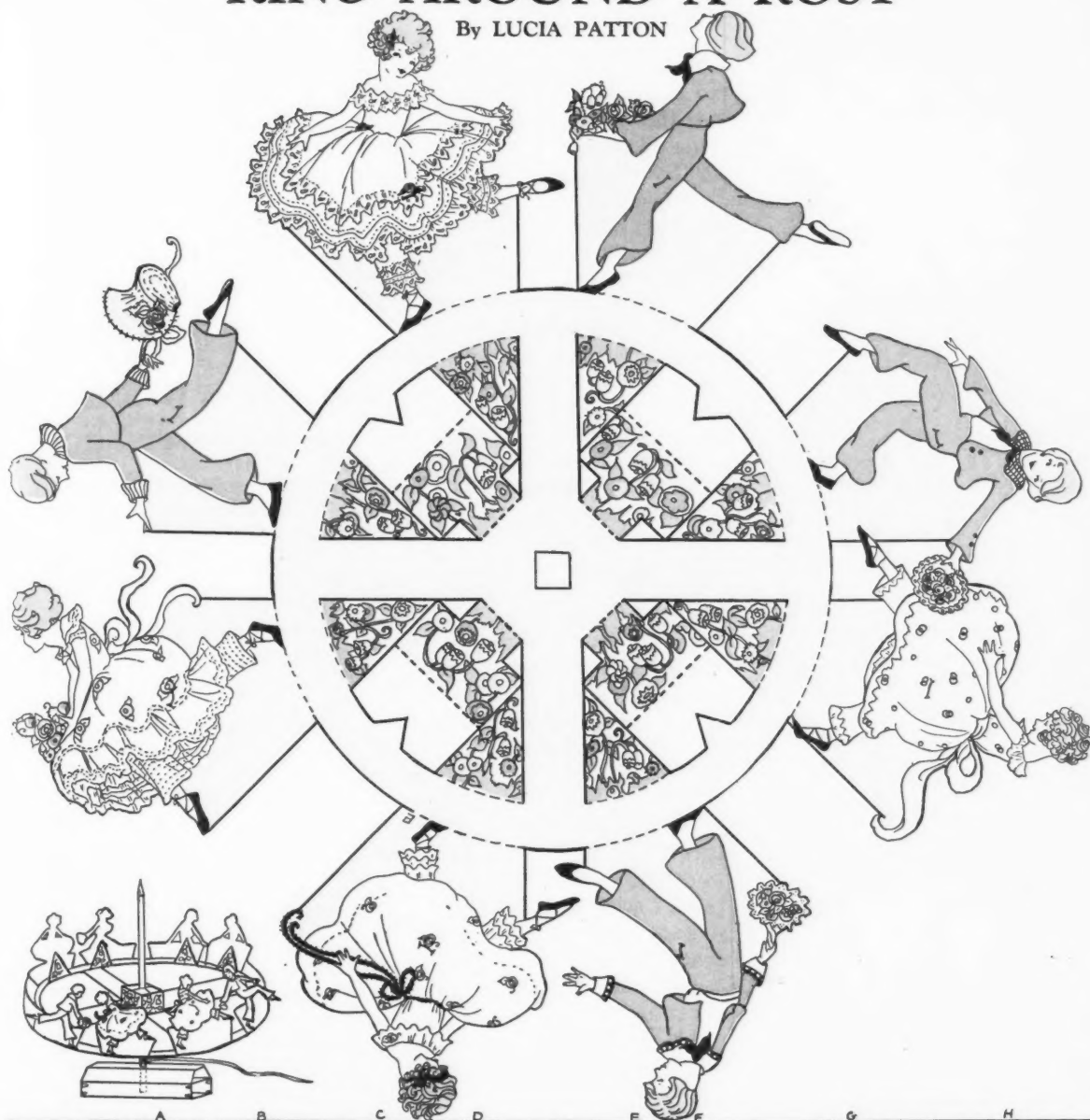
Pattern No. 6069—5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years

Pattern No. 5985—4 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years

All patterns are 20 cents each from CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

RING AROUND A ROSY

By LUCIA PATTON



PASTE the page on a piece of cardboard. Make up the base, by using the strip at the bottom of the page, and following along the black lines. Fold back on dotted lines, a, b, c. Fold all the rest forward and around; paste the lap 1, on the side, e.

Make a groove with your penknife one-half inch wide in a pencil and tie a string 14 inches long to the pencil, wind it around groove. Run pencil through places marked 1 and 2. Make up section with the children on it. Fold back children at dotted lines, so the children stand up on the outside of circle. Make up small center

piece. Inside the small circle, fold back pieces on dotted lines, so as to make a small flowered box, as in diagram, for center. Paste tops together, leaving a hole above the square hole in the center for pencil. After box is made, fold back the small triangles and insert the tips in small slots, which are marked, and which hold each child upright.

Now set the "Ring Around the Rosy" on the base; it is held in place by the pencil, put through the base and Rosy box. When you pull the string, the children will dance a Ring Around the Rosy.



MANY doctors approve Duofold Health Underwear for babies and children because Duofold provides ideal health protection and the utmost in comfort.

Duofold fabric is made of two thin, separate layers. The *outer* layer contains Wool—for Warmth and Protection. The *inner* layer is made entirely of soft Cotton—no wool can touch or irritate the tender skin.

It's warm. It can't irritate. It's comfortable. Duofold wears long and washes well, and keeps its shape.

Put Duofold on your little ones to protect their health and keep them comfortable. Ask to see it where infants' wear is sold. If you can't get it locally, write us and we'll see you are provided.

Write for free descriptive folder and sample of fabric. Duofold Health Underwear Company, Mohawk, N. Y.

... in mixtures of wool, silk, rayon, cotton, etc.

Duofold
Health Underwear
for babies and Children

LITTLE GRANDMA'S

Turquoise Ring

[Continued from page 309]

to undress her, and they admired to the fullest extent the hem-stitched ruffles and dainty tatting.

"She is yours, Sally Lou, and yours, Betty Sue, to play with every time you come here!"

Betty Sue was examining the full ruffled dress carefully. "What is this funny thing in the side? A pocket?" she asked.

"Yes, we never thought of making any of our dresses without pockets, so Belinda had one, too."

"Well, there is something hard in this pocket. If I can get it out I think I will find a button."

But it wasn't a button. It was a slender golden band, circled with turquoise forget-me-nots!

Grandma was so excited. She kissed the girls again and again. Then she gave a wistful sigh when she found that the ring would not go down even a third of the way on her fat littlest finger.

"How did it get there?" asked Sally Lou.

"Well, this is the way I figure it out. I remember we were playing with Belinda the day the ring was lost, and that is one of the last times I ever played with her. We rented the farm and moved west that fall. Mother had me pack Belinda and my other treasures and store them in the attic, thinking she would send for them if we decided to stay west. We, however, returned in two years, and by that time I was far too old to play with dolls. So Belinda has been stored away, waiting for some little girl to play with her again. I must have placed my hand in her pocket, or rather my fingers, that day, and as I drew them out the ring must have been pulled off. Belinda, darling, you have taken good care of my ring for me all these years. Come, Betty Sue, and let me see if the ring fits you."

It fitted perfectly on Betty's second finger, so Grandma said, "You may wear it to-day because you found it. Sally Lou shall wear it to-morrow, and you may take turns all the time you are here."



It's Fun to Play in Cantilever Shoes

IN ALL playground contests, the child with well-fitting shoes has a better chance. Cantilever Shoes are flexible and well shaped, therefore your feet are free. You can run faster, jump further and dodge better when you wear shoes that allow foot freedom.

Cantilever Shoes fit the foot beautifully because they are built over lasts that follow Nature's own lines. These shoes have snug heels, round roomy toes and they follow the shape of the whole foot. They fit the foot in action, too, for Cantilevers are flexible from toe to heel. Arch muscles can exercise and strengthen. Circulation is free. They are the kind of shoes that make faster runners and better walkers.

Good leathers make Cantilever Shoes wear well. Smart style makes them look well. Moderate prices and splendid workmanship give you wonderful value.

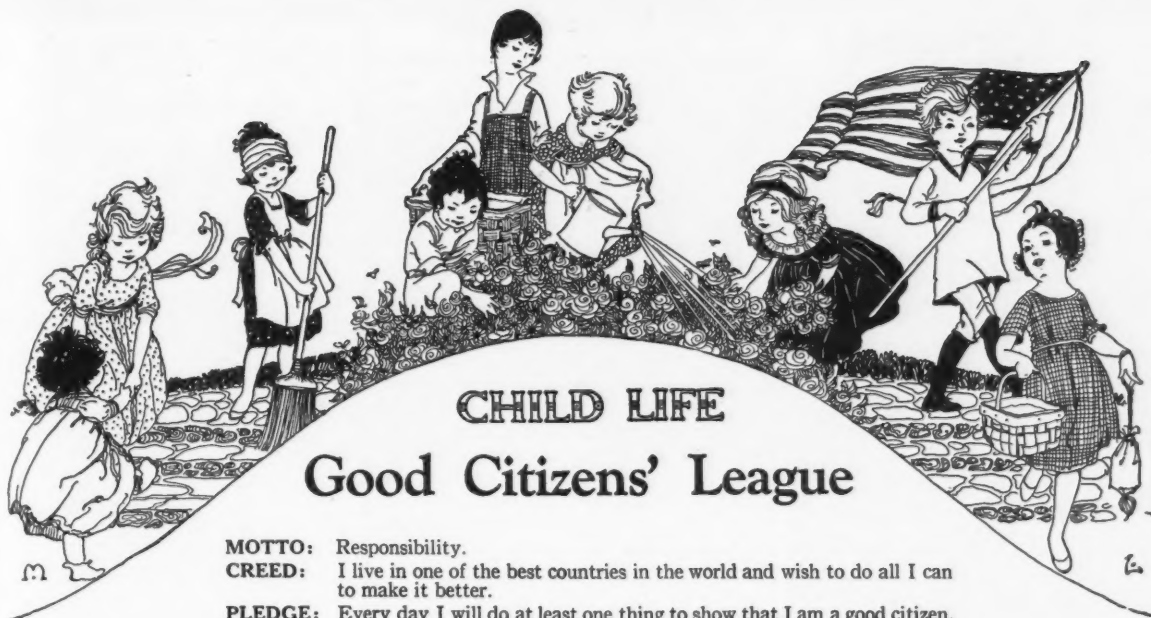
The men who fit Cantilever Shoes are conscientious and expert at fitting children. Your local Cantilever Agency will show you the new spring styles for men, women and children. If it isn't listed in the telephone book under "Cantilever," write the Cantilever Corporation, 428 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. and they will send the address to you.

Cantilever Shoe

For Health and Economy

Men. Women. Children





CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

MOTHER'S MONTH

I WISH the Brocton Good Citizens' League would celebrate Mother's Day this year," said Miriam at the first May meeting. "Wouldn't it be nice if we could have a party for our mothers?"

"Oh, let's do!" said Elizabeth. "We can have it in my garden the afternoon before. My tulips and jonquils are just beautiful right now; and if it's too chilly to stay outside the whole time, we can use the living room."

Every boy and girl there entered into the plan with enthusiasm; and every one of them, too, it seemed, had a suggestion for the party. "I tell you what," said Bill. "Let's hold a regular meeting, with our mothers as audience. My mother is always asking what we do at our meetings, and it's hard to explain. I know she'd like to see for herself, and I believe the others would."

"We might even let them see an initiation," suggested David. "We are going to initiate Helen and Ben Jarvis sometime this month anyway."

"Yes, and we might sing our league songs," said Grace, "and give our league yells."

"We girls will attend to the refreshments," said Miriam, "if Elizabeth's mother doesn't mind. We each can make sandwiches and bring them; and, Miss Bradley,

you'll help up with the coffee and cocoa, won't you?"

A GOOD CITIZEN

1. I learned how Mother's Day originated.
2. I gathered some flowers for my mother.
3. I made a gift for my mother.
4. I got dressed on time, without Mother's help.
5. I ran an errand for Mother.
6. I set the table.
7. I washed the dishes.
8. I helped get dinner.
9. I cleaned the yard.
10. I watered the plants.
11. I swept the porches and walks.
12. I cleaned the shed or basement.
13. I took care of the baby for at least an hour.
14. I came to meals on time.
15. I cleaned up my own room.
16. I obeyed cheerfully.
17. I went to bed on time.
18. I came at once when called.
19. I put away my toys when I was through playing.
20. I picked up my clothes and hung them up.
21. I washed my hands before meals.
22. I ate the food my mother gave me.
23. I kept no secrets from my mother.
24. I made a May Day basket.
25. I helped with a Memorial Day celebration.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your May list of good deeds in time to reach us by June 5th, if you want to see your name on the Honor Roll.

you've made such interesting plans yourselves that I don't believe you need much grown-up help. Don't you think your mothers will appreciate the party more if you do everything yourselves?"

So it was decided, and when the second Saturday in May came every mother and every member was present. It was a glorious spring day and the sunshine was quite warm, so they were able to have the first part of the party in the garden. First of all, David made a speech of welcome and told the guests how Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia originated the idea of celebrating Mother's Day in memory of her own mother, and how her own city observed the day for the first time May 10, 1908. After that she interviewed many public men and wrote thousands of influential people and, as a result of her efforts, state after state began to observe the day and on May 10, 1913, a resolution passed the United States Senate and House of Representatives to make the second Sunday in May a national holiday. Since 1913, the day had been observed in England, too.

After David's speech came the initiation of the two new members, followed by the regular flag ceremony that always preceded the regular meetings. After that it was time to go into the living

"Well, of course," said Miss Bradley, the counselor, "I'll be glad to do anything I can; but

Mothers now freed from Worry



GIVE your boy or girl an Iver Johnson Juniorcycle. This sturdy sidewalk bicycle keeps children out of the path of traffic—keeps them happy and out of mischief. Good to look at, and strong as a truck. No weak parts to break and injure your child. All vital parts drop-forged.

Equipment includes New Departure coaster brake, large $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch non-skid cushion rubber tires, strong steel stand, and mudguards front and rear, as well as Ruby Reflector tail light. Colors: Red, Blue or Golden, with DUCO white head. Full nickel fork and steering column.

HANDSOME COLOR CATALOG FREE

Send today for FREE catalog "B," showing all models of Iver Johnson Juniorcycles, as well as Velocipedes and Bicycles for older boys, girls, and for adults.

FOR SMALLER CHILDREN

The Iver Johnson Velocipede. Four sizes. Comes in same colors as the Juniorcycle. All vital parts drop-forged. Front axle bearings are in a forged, hardened, ground steel housing that does away with all projecting screws or nuts. Looks as well, made just as solid, as the Juniorcycle, and gives the tiny tots a world of fun.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
10 RIVER STREET, FITCHBURG, MASS.
New York, 151 Chambers Street
Chicago, 108 W. Lake Street
San Francisco, 717 Market Street

IVER JOHNSON

BICYCLES
JUNIORCYCLES VELOCIPEDES

Good Citizens' League

room, and the girls passed the refreshments and Elizabeth pinned a jonquil on each guest. On the following day, she explained, the boys and girls would wear flowers in honor of their mothers; to-day it was the mothers' turn to wear them.

The members of the Brocton league had the habit of making a holiday last for a long time. Just as in November they had decided that the only way in which they could fully express their gratitude was by celebrating Thanksgiving *every day*, so in May, they decided, they could best express their love for their mothers, not only by setting aside the second Sunday in their honor, but by dedicating the entire month to them. That was how it happened that each member of the Brocton league decided that every day he would do at least one thing for his mother to show he loved her; and that was why the mothers declared that the party was perhaps the most delightful one they had ever attended, because the pleasure of it lasted for so long and was repeated every day.

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Honor Points for January

(Continued from April issue)

Verdela Martin
Walter Metts
Hazel Mitsner
Howard Mitner
Francis Moynes
Margaret Mulcahy
Mary Ann Muller
Jessie McCallum
Harry Niedzieski
Helen Olenik
Hideo Oshiyama
Mary Pease
Mary A. Pelaguin
Patsy Plansall
June Rauen
Robert Rauen
Dwight Rose
Carl Rosenbaum
Edna Rosenbaum
Marguerite Rosenbaum
Dorothy Schroeder

Kenneth Schuelke
Vernon W. Schuelke
Marie Stolte
Hilbert Stolte
Charles Stonecipher
Eleanor Switzer
Verve Terry
Byron Tilden
Doris Timmons
Francis Valles
Emma Vertach
Violet Vertach
Mary Jane Wallace
Randolph Wibberley
Charles Wilkie
Robert Wittmack
Dorothy L. Williams
Imogene Wilson
Doris Wolf
Katherine E. Zeis
Harvey Zippel

Honor Points for February

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during February.

Alice Adams
Jeanne Anderson
Muriel Areskog
Betty Bats
Eulamae Bell
Lillian Bennett
Kenneth Bents
Damon Berry
Eveleno Berry
Ruth Billups
Robert Blood
Leonard Boehlke
Martha Bowen
Harold Brehm
Dorothy Britton
Dorothy Buckley
Helen Bushacher

Ida Cahoe
George Childress
Leonard Cluff
Mardell Coburn
Eleanor Collinson
Kenneth Cox
Jean Cruikshank
George Caabel
Gladys Danks
Vernie De Witte
Joseph Di Fabio
Willis Eckert
Evelyn Feasell
Florence Fennell
Giovina Ferrara
Yolanda Ferrara
Lavodo Forehand

(To be continued)

BIG-BANG

NO
MATCHES



NO
POWDER

"IT DOESN'T HURT A BIT!"



SAFETY PISTOL

A Real Pistol in looks but safe—made of black gun-metal—comes in leather holster.
No. 6F—Price \$2.00—8 inches



ARMY TANK

Fired like any BIG-BANG with the added feature that Tank can also be fired by stepping on the ignitor.
No. 5T—Price \$1.00—8 inches



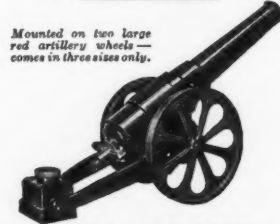
NAVY GUN-BOAT

Mounted on 4 wheels—Ammunition in rear turret.
No. 9B—Price \$2.00—9 inches



HEAVY ARTILLERY

This Model has four red wheels and is mounted on a strong steel carriage.
No. 10W—Price \$3.00—14 inches



Mounted on two large red artillery wheels—comes in three sizes only.

FIELD ARTILLERY

No. 16F—Price \$5.50—length 23 inches
No. 12F—Price \$3.75—length 17 inches
No. 8F—Price \$2.25—length 11 inches

EXTRA SUPPLIES
Bangsite (ammunition) per tube \$.15
Spark Plug (igniter) per card .10

A BIG-BANG is operated with pleasure both by children and grown-ups. Open the breech—fill the charging measure from the ammunition case—slam the breech shut—push the plunger—it's off with a "BANG." BIG-BANG in military games, saluting and celebrating has the Glamor, the Flash and the Boom which appeal so strongly to every boy.

SAFE NOISE FOR SALE

If your dealer cannot supply you, send money order or check or pay the Postman for a "BIG-BANG" with a Supply of Bangsite (ammunition) which will be sent to you prepaid in U. S. A. together with complete directions.

GUARANTEE—If the BIG-BANG is not entirely satisfactory, return it at once and your money will be refunded promptly.

The Conestoga Corporation
Bethlehem, Pa.



CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A MOTHER'S LOVE

A mother's love is kind and tender.
She lists to every childish prayer,
And all the love that you can lend her
She returns in loving care.

ROBERTA TAYLOR,
Isabella, Tenn.



HELEN READ

SPRINGTIME

Butterflies are flying in the air,
Happy birds are singing in the trees,
Busy bees are humming roundabout,
And flowers have nectar ready for the bees.

DOROTHY BRENDT,
San Diego, Calif.

Garfield School

VIOLETS

Have you been to the marshes,
Where the little violets grow,
Lifting their purple and white little heads,
From their soft brown bed below?

JEAN RICHMOND,
Milton, Mass.

Age 8.

MOTHER

Mother's my darling.
Mother's my love.
Mother's my honey,
As pure as a dove.

Mother shields me,
And keeps me from tears;
Mother guards me
All through the years.

JUNE HOWARD,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I received my membership card to-day, and I think it is so very pretty. I am going to frame it and keep it all ways.

We formed a Joy Givers' club last summer. Although we didn't have membership cards, we could try and give joy to others. We met every Wednesday, and once a month we paid ten cents for dues. Toward the last of the summer, we gave a play called "The Witches' Curse." We let everyone in free for fear it wouldn't be a success, but it was, and everybody liked it. They said we all did fine.

My two favorite books are *Little Women* and *Robin Hood*. My favorite poem is "The Lady of Shalott." I don't know what pictures I like best, unless they are the "Madonna" pictures.

In one of our school programs for "Mother's Day," Clough Wallace recited "A Mother's Love." It was a poem I made up. I will send you a copy.

ROBERTA TAYLOR,

ON MOTHER'S DAY

Best wishes to Mother on the thirteenth of May;
May happy times come on Mother's Day!

ANNE VEILE,
Worland, Wyo.

Dear Miss Waldo:

My birthday is on April 4th. Mother says I am almost an April fool. I have a best friend that is just seven days older than I. We knew each other when we were two years old.

This summer I had a little lamb. She was two weeks old when we got her. I named her Chummy. I wish we still had her. I had to feed her out of a bottle when she was little. It was a lot of fun. We had to tie her up when she began to eat grass, because she was eating the flowers of the house across from ours when I was not looking. They liked flowers very much, and so did Chummy. We do not have her now, though. I have a birdie named Dickey, and a doggy named Beauty.

I like my magazine very very much. I read every word in it, and my last name is Read too.

Here is my picture of me feeding Chummy.

HELEN READ,
Belfast, Maine,



Send for this Book of New Sewing Ideas

WRIGHT'S newest Sewing Book—No. 18—is ready! Home sewers know what that means! This year more fascinating and original than ever. 28 pages of brand-new ideas. Clever things, easy to make—negligees, dresses, hats, bathing suits, children's outfits, collars, table linens, curtains, door stops, smart new sleeves. New monograms, lingerie, toys, purses, pillows, quilts, trimmings, decorative stitches, etc. More than 135 attractive novelties that any woman can make—and make easily—with Wright's Bias Fold Tape.

SEND 10c IN STAMPS

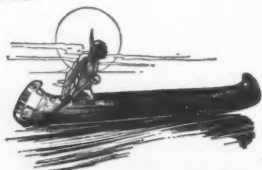
for a copy of the new book with a 3-yd. sample of Wright's fast color percale tape in your choice of these colors: Nile, Pink, Yellow, Linen, Gray, Light Blue, Orange, Red, Navy, Yale, Emerald, Lavender, Old Rose, Copenhagen, Tan, Reseda, Brown, Peach, Gold, Black, White. Which color do YOU prefer?

WM. E. WRIGHT & SONS CO.,
Mfrs. Dept. 158, Orange, N. J.

WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE



Swift as an arrow, smooth-running as a birch canoe, strong as an Indian Buck! This different and better skate has full BALLOON wheels—steel tread or rubber tires. Truss construction makes it the strongest skate made. Concealed spring action (instead of old age-hardening rubber cushions) give flexibility never before attained. GUARANTEE—to replace four wheels for every single wheel that splits in service. Ask your dealer or write us.



KoKoMo STAMPED METAL CO.
KOKOMO INDIANA

K O K O M O

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have read my magazine for about—oh well, what's the use of counting up years? I have read it ever since I learned to read. I think it is fine, especially the Joy Givers' Club.

Several of my friends read the magazine also. They love it.

I am very proud of my city and state. It was the very first state in the union. Many of the men in the Revolutionary War were born here, among them George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry. In the Civil War, General Robert E. Lee of Virginia, out of all the southern states, was chosen leader.

A play about Patrick Henry is being given at the church to-night at eight o'clock, the 152d anniversary of Patrick Henry's famous speech, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

I am getting a little too eloquent, so I had better stop here. By the way if anyone wants to know something about Virginia I wish they would write to me.

Semper,

REBECCA GOLDBERG,
Age 10. Richmond, Va.

Dear Miss Waldo:

We were at Walloon Lake. We left Walloon at eight in the morning. We drove to Petoskey and took the train to Mackinac City. Then we took the boat to Mackinac Island. You are not allowed to drive a car on Mackinac Island. They have horses and buggies. I saw the big Fort, Sugar Loaf Rock and the Arch Rock, a few different caves and many beautiful summer homes.

With love,
MARY STERLING,
Age 9. Detroit, Mich.

IN ICELAND

In some parts of Iceland the ground is covered with snow. There are seals, whales, and bears in that country. They have dogs to pull their sleds. Six or seven dogs are tied to each sled. In winter some live in snow houses called igloos. When they build their houses they make a circle in the snow as large as they want their house to be. Then they place blocks of snow around the circle until they come together in the middle. They then cover the ice with snow. In summer they live in tents. The tents are made of skins. They have a bench of ice in each house. They sit, eat and sleep on this bench, which is covered with skins.

They eat blubber from whales and seals, bear and deer meat, and fish. They wear two suits of clothes; the inner one has the fur turned to the body and the outer one has the fur turned outward, with caps fastened to the suits. The mother has two caps on hers, one for the baby and one for her own head.

The children play with bone pincushion and needle. They throw the pincushion up and when it comes down they try to catch it on the needle. If they fail, the pincushion gives them a sharp rap on the thumb. The children cover a ball with snow. They try to hit this ball with a whip and when a boy succeeds, they shout and laugh. Sometimes they roll down a hill and by the time they reach the bottom, they look like a big snowball.

In telling stories, the story teller turns his back to the rest. When he has finished his story he slowly turns to the people.

EDWARD G. BEERS,
Age 9. Fowler, Calif.



SUNSHINE BATHS BRING HEALTH and Strength to Children

No matter whether your child is strong and healthy or weak and ailing, he will derive great benefit from 15 minutes daily in the "sunshine" of a

CARBORAY
ARC LAMP

A new and better ultra-violet ray lamp for home use. A wonderful health builder for men, women and children. Quickly drives away aches and pains and overcomes diseases. Particularly helpful for children. Improves blood circulation. Gives added strength and vigor.

If children could be kept outdoors in fresh air and sunshine every day they would seldom be sick. The next best thing is to bring sunshine to them in the form of Carbo-rays. With a CARBORAY ARC LAMP in your home, daily treatments can be given. Takes but a few minutes. Amazing results in a few weeks time. Complete book of instructions tells how to use the Carboray for children and adults.

Write for FREE FOLDER
Cincinnati Automatic Machine Co.,
Dept. 6, Cincinnati, Ohio



Celebrate 4th of July

Get our catalog of fireworks and 1001 novelties for any sort of celebration, now. It's free for the asking. We ship same day orders received.

Brazel Novelty Mfg. Co.
33 Ella St., Cincinnati, O.

Your Child Life Friends

MANY new CHILD LIFE

friends are to be your companions during the vacation months; and we know that you will accord them an honorable place among your literary friends.

Eleanor Hammond has written you a thrilling mystery story called "Hilltop Castle," all about Georgina and her boy cousins who explore a strange castle-like house, with interesting and unexpected results. You will read about mystery, too, in "The Lost Ball," by Ruby Lorraine Radford, when Connor and Lucy and Kathryn take you adventuring in their old plantation home.

Still other jolly new friends are waiting for you in two Fourth of July stories—"The Magic Poppers," by Constance Wardell and "Sam, Flag Bearer," by Nancy Byrd Turner, well known poet and author of "Maggie Lane."

The Mason children will not be new friends to the thousands of boys and girls who read about their adventure on the roof last year. They are coming to visit CHILD LIFE again this summer and will have an exciting time in "The Barn and Oak, Limited."

Old friends and new friends! We know that you are waiting eagerly for them.

A Juvenile STYLE BOOK for Mothers



An Interesting Story for the Kiddies

THEIR Shopping Adventures" is an interesting and informative little booklet that is sent, together with a swatch of Babette large enough for a silk handkerchief, in return for the attached coupon and ten cents.

ALWAYS look for the Babette label in silken juvenile apparel. It signifies that the garment bearing it is made from a pure, guaranteed washable silk—ideal for infants' and children's wear.



CAPITOL SILK CORPORATION
171 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen:
I am enclosing herewith ten cents. Kindly send me "Their Shopping Adventures" and a swatch of Babette.

Name
Address
City and State
I buy most of my children's things at
Name of Dealer
Dealer's Address

Can You Use More Money?

THE CHILD LIFE MERCHANDISING DIVISION is in a unique position to help a few ambitious mothers to secure additional luxuries the feminine heart desires—to give to their children advantages they would otherwise forego, to earn the automobile they dream of—by devoting spare hours to unusually interesting work for some of the manufacturers who advertise in CHILD LIFE.

Just fill out the coupon below—

We will do the rest

Sales experience is not necessary—only the ability to meet people in a friendly way.

E. EVALYN GRUMBINE
Advertising Manager, CHILD LIFE

Merchandising Division, CHILD LIFE
536 South Clark Street
Chicago, Illinois

I am interested in your plan by which I may turn my spare time into dollars. Tell me about it.

Name
Street
City
State

Dear Miss Waldo:

I wrote this poem for my school paper.

GARDENS

Hunt up your shovel, your spade, and your rake,
The time is soon coming our gardens to make,
There's a flower bed for poppies down by the gate,
Another for pansies that look so sedate,
A new bed of tulips, and violets too.
I think they're just lovely—tell me, don't you?

We must trim our rose bushes and shrubbery, too,
For when robins come singing, and say how-de-do,
They mean they're just anxious for buds to break through.
So hunt up your shovel, your spade, and your rake,
And plan for the garden you're going to make.

MARYELLA JULIAN,
Indianapolis, Ind.

MOTHER IS THE BEST

The flowers are pretty and all,
But Mother is best when baby does call.
Mother is the sweetest thing
That ever God could bring.

ALICE JOHN,
Golden, Colo.

Age 7.



ALICE JOHN

MY BIRD

One time a bird was given to me. This bird is very tame, he is out from morning till night. In the morning very early after he is let out he comes in on your pillow and wakes you up.

Later after you are up he chases your toes and picks at them. He has a habit of fighting in the mirror. He stands on something and sings and dances. He has ridden with us in the car a distance of two hundred miles. He will not take a bath in the cage. One morning when Mother was washing dishes she had to leave a minute to see to something, Dick, the bird, jumped on the cake of soap and began to float about. He was soon out and happy once more.

RUTH MACKEY,
Haverstraw, N. Y.

Age 11.



Boys and Girls
Never Tire of Playing with

KANGRU-SPRINGSHU

BETTER THAN JUMPING ON THE BED

Inside or outside—over rough grounds—on the beach, in fact KANGRU-SPRINGSHUS are used everywhere. Makes old games new. Lots of healthy fun and perfectly safe for children 4 to 12 years of age.



\$3 a Pair

Add 50c West of Rockies
25c additional for all postage

Go to your dealer— if he can't supply you
MAIL COUPON

LITTLEFIELD MFG. CO.
704 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed is P. O. Money Order for \$.....
Express Money Order for \$.....
Please send pairs Rubber Sole Kangru-Springshus with the understanding that this money will be refunded if not satisfactory.

Name..... Age.....
Address..... Weight.....
City..... State.....



"MOST AS BIG AS DADDY"

Little Billy watches his weight as carefully as Daddy watches his! If he wants to make the team some day, he must begin training now.

Detecto, the preferred bathroom scale, helps build a strong, sturdy body—no flabby muscles, but honest weight—for Detecto always tells the truth.

All Detectos are certified and approved by the N. Y. State Bureau of Weights and Measures. Built to give a lifetime of service, and guaranteed for five years. Available in white and three colors.

DETECTO

WATCHES YOUR WEIGHT

The Jacobs Bros. Co., Inc.

Dept. 8 318 Greenwich St. N. Y. C.

Detecto Junior

\$11.85

(East of the Mississippi)

Detecto Ace

\$15.00

(Illustrated on right)

Detecto Royal

\$18.75

At all department and hardware stores, or direct from the makers.

ALSO

[Detecto-Lette, the famous Springless Baby Scale]



Send for Free Health Literature

Nazareth

CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

For health and happiness

Proper underwear has much to do with keeping children healthy and happy. Comfort is essential and this is assured when you buy Nazareth Children's Underwear.

We have for forty-two years been specialists in the designing and making of children's underwear and during this time millions of mothers have found that Nazareth undergarments give the utmost satisfaction.

Retailers are now showing the light weight styles in knitted and nain-sook fabrics. Always look for the Nazareth red label.



Style L. U., illustrated above, light weight, knitted waist union suit for boy or girl. Taped front, back and sides. Non-rusting pin-rubes. Pearl buttons. All flat seams. Taped buttons where needed. Binding on drop seat to prevent tearing. Attractive binding at neck and arms. Sizes 2 to 13, special 14-15. Retail at 75 cents.

Write for Catalog

if you are unable to get Nazareth Underwear at your dealers.

NAZARETH WAIST CO.
366 Broadway, Dept. L, New York City
Mills at Nazareth, Pa.

Dear Everyone-who-has-written-to-me:

Thank you all so much for your letters. It was very nice to get twenty-six from America, though you may be sure I was puzzled how to reply to them all. I have answered some of them, but I haven't time to answer them all.

Someone asked how were Banker and Bellman, the beagle pups. I'm sorry to say that Bellman is back at the kennels, and Banker died as soon as he got there, poor pup!

I live at Leicester, and it is the best place in England to hunt in. The Prince of Wales often comes to hunt there. My sister was hunting with him once.

We have a lovely time at this school. We have bathing and lots of games, like net-ball, hockey, tennis and cricket. We play matches against other schools. We went home for the holidays on July 27 and that was my birthday. It was lovely to go home on it. Our sports are on the fifteenth of July and we are all going to run or compete in a lot of races. There is a silver cup for the girl who wins the most races.

Good-bye, love from,

HELENE BURTON,
Carisbrooke, London Road, Leicester,
England.

Dear Miss Waldo:

Greeley, Colorado, the town in which I live, is in the midst of the largest irrigation district in the world. Some of you may not know what irrigation is, so I will explain it. In districts where there is not enough rain to water the crops, the farmers store water in reservoirs which are large lakes with ditches going to the different farms. The ditches are several feet wide. They are dug around the fields and through them so that the water flows over the land. Thus their crops are watered. There are farms that are called dry land farms. These are not irrigated. The farmers just trust to nature to water their crops. The crops on these farms are not so abundant.

From Greeley we can see the Rocky Mountains. They are about thirty miles from here. The water in the reservoirs is melted snow from the mountain. There are quite a few cattle ranches around here. The cattle roam around on the plains and the cowboys round them up every fall to brand them. I can always tell which direction is west by looking toward the mountains.

MARTHA READ,
Greeley, Colo.

Age 10.

MY TRIP TO THE CAVE OF THE WINDS

One morning my sister and I started out for Manitou. When we arrived we found there was nothing to do. I asked if we might go to the Cave of the Winds. My sister agreed, and we started. When we got to the Cave we started off with a party of people.

First we went through a cold hall. Then we came to a large hall with beautiful ceiling which was all in colors. This was the largest room. It was called the Bridal Chamber.

In most of the rooms there were thin stalactites. On the first floor we could see the hole the early visitors had to go through in order to see the cave.

In a pocket you can see a white elephant stalagmite. Every one wants to touch them, so they have a piece that has been touched so much it shines like marble.

Next there was a wire covered with hairpins. They said if a girl put her hairpins on it, she would be married within a year.

ESTHER GILLILAND,
La Junta, Colo.

Age 10.

Happy Children

6 Health Toys in ONE



The famous Kiddie Gym is the only complete and patented children's health gym on the market, combining in one sturdy combination—

Swing Teeter-Totter
Parallel Bars Trapeze
Flying Rings Turning Bar
Size — 7 feet high, 7 feet long and 4 feet wide. Place Kiddie Gym on the lawn in summer, in the playroom or basement in winter. Sturdy and attractive. Dozens of testimonials on file from parents in every state in the Union and abroad.



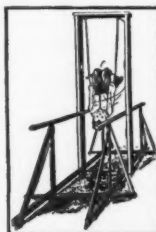
Kiddie Gym
TRADE MARK REG.
\$15
PAT. AUG. 5 1924

Kiddie Gym is endorsed by authorities at the Universities of Chicago, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, child specialists and delighted parents everywhere. Has seal of approval of Modern Pricilla, Child Life and Junior Home. Keeps children amused and off the street while building healthy young bodies. Holds five or six children at once. Kiddie Gym is built of selected woods and steel, durably made to hold the weight of any child; painted a rich red. Easily erected, parts instantly interchangeable.



EASY TO ORDER

Send your name and address with check or money order for \$15 to our nearest office and Kiddie Gym will be shipped at once, express or freight, as you prefer. Shipping weight 60 lbs. in carton. Or we will send express or freight collect. Ask for our attractive catalogue of health toys "Rope Check Town."



"The Kiddie Gym Company,"
Power Bldg., Nicollet Island, Dept. C.L.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Western Office:

360 Third Ave., Venice, California

Dear Miss Waldo:

At school I take music and I am in the fourth grade. I have a lot of friends. Mother sometimes (real often) buys me "Child Life."

Yours truly,
FLORENCE DAVIS,
Morgan City, Miss.

Age 8



FLORENCE DAVIS
Morgan City, Miss.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am a little Canadian or Nova Scotia girl. I was born right here in Mill Village, Queens County, Nova Scotia, on the banks of the Medway River, five miles from its mouth. The river flows by our door and in it live salmon, shad, trout, and kiacks. I have seen many a big salmon hooked or netted in front of our house. The natives catch them in nets, the sportsmen or tourists with rod and line. I caught my first trout when I was five with a fishing rod (and hook and line, of course).

This is a very pretty village. I live in the center of it. It has three churches, two stores, one public hall, one post office and one school building, three bridges, one a suspension bridge, spanning the Medway River.

I have two pets, one a white cat called Fluffy Ruffles who is only six months younger than I am. It was given me when I was a baby. I have now a Maltese kitten with white shirt front, gloves and shoes. It is the dearest thing ever. I got it before its eyes were fully opened and Mother had to teach it to drink. It does not lap its milk, but drinks it from the edge of a patty pan. He tips it with his paw when the milk gets low and smacks like a little pig. We all laugh so when "Lindy" eats. His name is Howard Blackburn Lindbergh, named for the two brave men who first crossed the Atlantic Ocean alone—Blackburn by boat, Lindbergh by air. I want my kitty to be brave and do something wonderful in "Catland," too. Captain Blackburn is my great uncle, and his own life history is interesting.

I like all the letters in my magazine, but found Stephen M. Cooke's (Honolulu) and Eleanor Sawyer's (Massachusetts) in November magazine especially interesting.

I love my magazine better than anything else I have in books and I have quite a little library of my own.

Sincerely,

BETH MANTHORNE,

PUSS

I have a little pussy cat,
And as she sat on the mat,
She thought she smelt a rat,
But it was only a little bat.

BETH MANTHORNE,
Mill Village, Queens Co., N. S., Can.



for Sonny's birthday ... a "Son-nu" Sand Wagon

SOLVED is the birthday problem! Equipped with a real drop-bottom dump body and disc wheels, fairly glistening in the brightness of its baked enamel red and blue finish, the "Son-nu" Sand Dump Wagon, with shovel included, is a present to thrill the heart of any boy. Built of the same heavy steel as Dad's own car, it will carry all the sand or gravel Sonny can pile into it—afford endless hours of healthful outdoor fun and play. Moderately priced.

Your dealer has a complete line of "Son-nu" Wagons and Auto Trucks, or can easily order for you.
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BOYS AND GIRLS

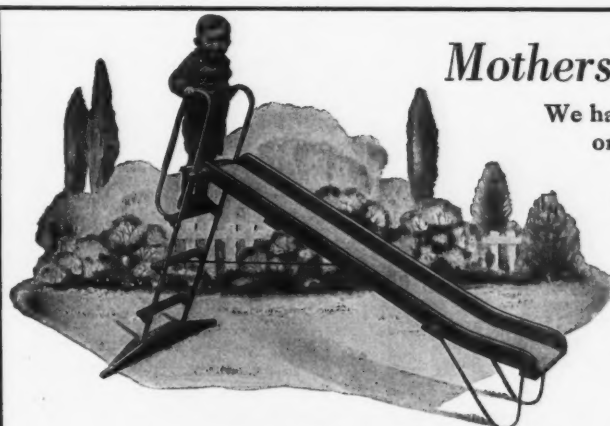
Have you read Robert's and Ruth's Adventures this month?

See page 290



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The slide is portable, and is not difficult to move from place to place. Side rails are yellow, the stairs red, and the hand rails bright green.

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536 S. Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 309)

Robert was very much impressed by the machine that sewed on buttons. "How many buttons does it sew on in one day?" was the next question. "How many do you think?" Wosilco asked. "Well, it takes me about five minutes to sew one button on. Mother taught us how for she said we must learn to help ourselves," Robert said proudly. "Guess the machine could sew twice as fast as I can." "The machine sews many times faster than you can for it puts fourteen stitches in each button and sews on 7,000 buttons in a day, or fourteen every minute," Wosilco told him, "and then there is a machine that makes the button-holes and has a knife that cuts the hole after the needles do the stitching."

After going through these different steps, the garments are finally "assembled" and are brought to the examining room. Here they found rows and rows of girls sitting at tables carefully examining each finished garment. Then they are "formed" which means laying them evenly on canvas trays which are placed in pressing machines that iron a dozen garments at one time. From the pressing room they go into another examining department and are finally packed in boxes. "Oh, those are just like the boxes in the store where Mother buys our 'M' underwear," Ruth pointed excitedly to the familiar trademark. "That's right," Robert agreed. "And we are both awfully proud that we wear such wonderful underwear," Ruth confided to Wosilco as they thanked him for their trip and said good bye.

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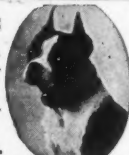
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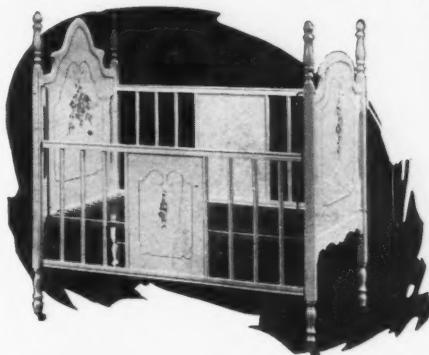
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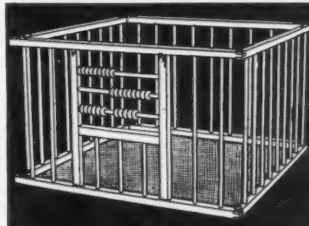
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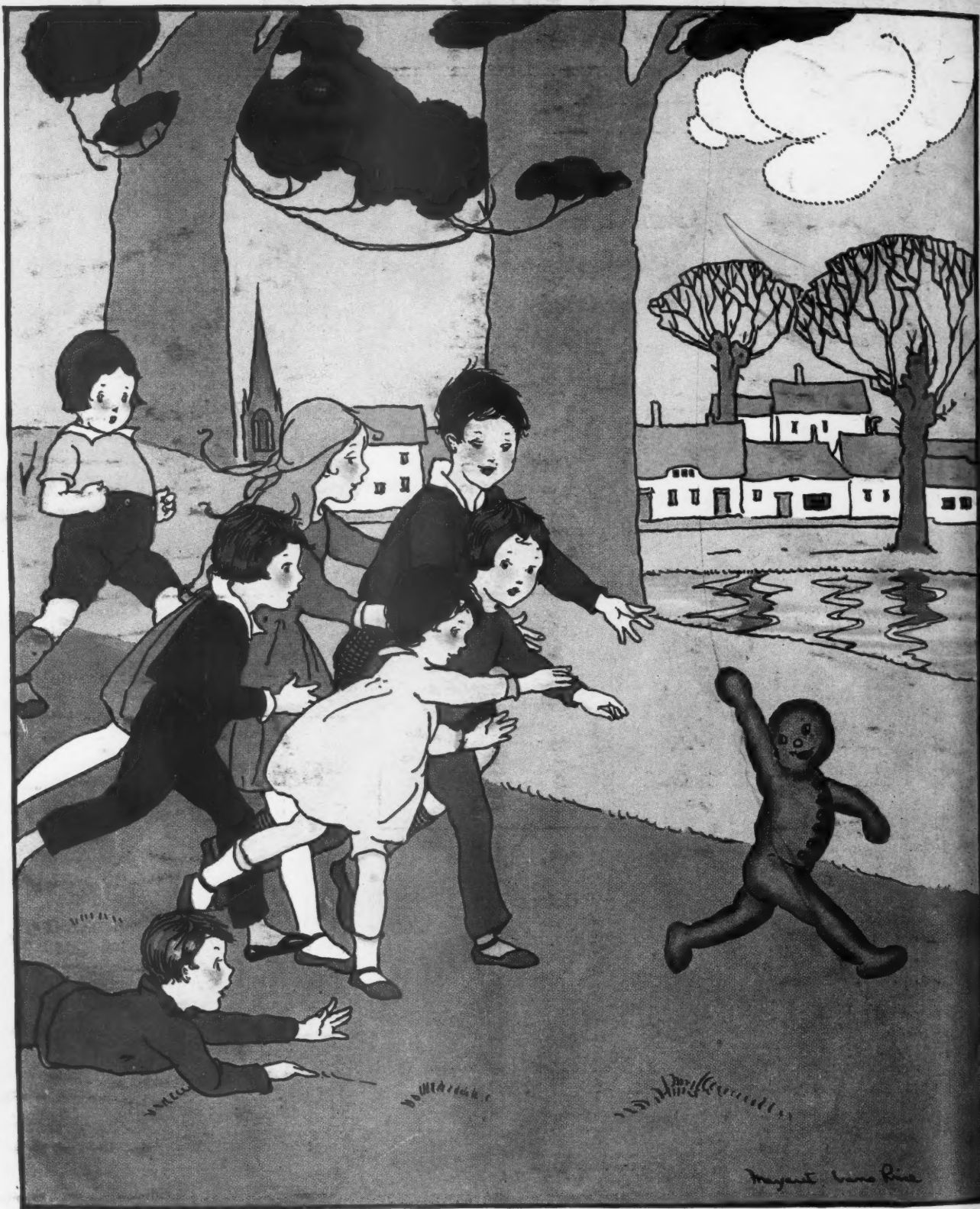
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